THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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EDUCATION——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A CHARGE

Delivered, at a public Commencement, July 27, 1809, to the senior class of the Philadelphia Academy, upon their having completed the course of study prescribed by that Institution.

BY JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.

One of the Assistant Ministers of Christ Church and St. Peter's, and Director of the Academy.

——et ni
Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non
Intendes animum studiis, et REBUS HONESTIS,
Invidia vel amore vigil torquebere.——Hor.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

THE ample and satisfactory testimony which you yesterday exhibited by a public examination, of your unwearied diligence while under my tuition, and of your successful progress in the various branches of English literature inculcated in this seminary—and, the unequivocal proofs you have just now given of your skill in the important arts of Reading and Public Speaking, as applied to the several species of Forensic, Dramatic, Narrative, Descriptive, and Didactic Eloquence, as well in Poetry as Prose, incontestibly evince that your labour has not been in vain, nor your time unprofitably employed. This improvement of that invaluable talent must ever be a source of high gratification to your friends, and of pleasing reflection to you.

Among the various attestations of the mutability of human affairs, and the frequent abruption of human association, which will mark to

you the revolution of the present year, the events of this day cannot fail to render it singularly memorable; for the tie which hath so long united us in daily intercourse is now to be dissolved, and the mutual obligations of duty resulting from the relative situations of tutor and pupil are now to be cancelled. Hence, on my part, a sincere solicitude for your future welfare, a due respect for your parents and guardians, and a just regard for the interests of this Institution, which has, for so many years, experienced the most liberal patronage and approbation, induce me to solicit your attention to a brief valedictory address, in which I shall endeavour to indicate the objects worthy of your future regard and pursuit, and to suggest such precepts as are essentially necessary to form the Scholar, the Gentleman, and the Christian. To this combined excellence of character, I trust the laudable ambition you have hitherto evinced, will ever impel you zealously to aspire.

As *Scholars*, you will render yourselves useful and ornamental to society—as *Gentlemen*, by the urbanity of your deportment you will conciliate the affections, and command the respect of all with whom you associate—and as *Christians*, you will not only be enabled to withstand the innumerable temptations with which you will be assailed, but, to support with dignity and true fortitude the privations and disappointments you may be called upon to experience *here*—and to secure for yourselves "A good provision against the time to come," viz. eternal happiness in Heaven *hereafter*, where the painful and pleasing vicissitudes of mortality shall be absorbed and forgotten in the full fruition of celestial and eternal bliss.

By the adoption and cultivation of these characters, therefore, you will promote and establish your best and most unequivocal interests both in this world and in the *next*, that retributive and "untried state of being" to which we are all rapidly advancing, and in which our condition will be inconceivably happy or miserable, "according to the deeds done in the body."

With respect to the first of these characters, the *Scholar*—though the different professions and avocations of mankind require a considerable degree of information peculiar to each, yet there are certain *general* principles of science, and branches of knowledge, which pertain indiscriminately to all who would desire to be distinguished under that denomination.

The marked variety of character among men, the unequal possession of intellectual powers, the diversity of human genius, and the versatility of human taste, necessarily direct the attention to various professions and pursuits, each of which has its peculiar dogmas to be studied or principles to be investigated, before either usefulness can be

effected, or celebrity obtained. Any observations upon these peculiarities would be foreign to my present intention: they will of course be presented to you when your choice of a profession is determined. My object is to suggest to you those general principles of knowledge which *every* Scholar, *every* Gentleman, and *every* Christian should acquire, in addition to those professional or technical attainments which are necessary to qualify him for the exercise of his favourite occupation, by which he is to be distinguished in society. And this I shall endeavour to do as briefly as possible, the indulgent attention of this respectable audience having, I fear, been already trespassed upon by the length and variety of the preceding exercises.

The foundation of that character which is to elevate a man above the drudgery of the mechanic arts, and to render him a polished as well as useful member of society, is formed in an elementary school, and completed in a college or university. He is there taught the principles of classical literature, and general science, which are to be afterwards expanded, and applied by his own industry and taste, to those various objects of intellectual pursuit, the cultivation of which will refine and dignify his mind; improve, adorn, and invigorate his understanding; give acuteness, activity, and precision to his judgment; and enlarge and strengthen the capacity and retentive powers of his memory, to such a degree, as will render him "a burning and a shining light"—the torch of knowledge not only illuminating the devious and often dreary paths of "the world's wilderness;" for the pilgrim who is blessed with the possession of it, but attracting by its splendor, and animating by its genial influence, all who are fortunate enough to come within the sphere of its radiance, and are thereby rendered either his casual or constant companions in the journey of human life.

While at school, under the discipline and direction of teachers, he is instructed (particularly in this Institution) in Grammar, the cornerstone of every literary superstructure, in Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography, Logic, Arithmetic, and the arts of Reading, Writing, and Public Speaking—due attention being also paid to the improvement of Morals, and a general knowledge of the Christian Religion. If he wish to become acquainted with the higher gradations of science, he enters a college or university, where he is taught the Greek and Latin languages, the various branches of the Mathematics, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Metaphysics, and those other general principles of classical literature which are necessary to qualify him for receiving the honours of the seminary.

Thus informed, he makes choice of a profession; and, after the usual course of study, steps forward upon the stage of active life, to exercise its duties for the mutual benefit of himself and his fellow men.

But during the course of these preparatory exercises, as well as after his introduction into society, the energies of his mind must be directed to many subjects of Belles Lettres and scientific research, of the wide-extended range of which he must have a general, and of many of them an intimate acquaintance, before he can be entitled to the truly honourable appellation of an accomplished scholar. The most prominent and necessary of these, I shall now, therefore, as briefly as possible, point out to you.

The first subject then which should engage your attention as a relaxation from the severer pursuits of professional studies, is *History*, both ancient and modern, in its several departments of *Ecclesiastical*, *Civil*, and *Natural*, together with *Voyages*, *Biography*, and *Travels*.

Here the acquisition of knowledge will be rendered easy and delightful, by the high degree of entertainment which such interesting and authentic narratives must afford, while a delineation of the various vicissitudes of human affairs, and the various operations of passion and intellect in the mind of man by recording the errors of Ignorance, the miseries of Vice, and the Follies of Indiscretion, must serve as beacons to caution you against danger, at the same time that they operate as incentives to virtuous industry, by animating examples of the benefits resulting from the exercise of fortitude, perseverance, and piety.

Let the versatile powers of the human imagination occasionally range at large in the diversified and magic fields of Fancy, and evoke the enthusiasm of Genius, and the animating glow of Sensibility through the fascinating and flowery paths of *Poetry*, at the same time cultivate an acquaintance with the other liberal arts of *Music*, *Painting*, *Sculpture*, and *Architecture*, a sufficient knowledge of the principles of which may easily be obtained, to enable you to judge of the real merit of productions in each, without entering upon those minute criticisms which could only be expected from a profest artist.

Nor let the important sciences of *Botany* and *Chymistry* be neglected, for by the *former* you will be enabled to distinguish between the various plants and flowers which the benevolent Author of nature has designed either for medicinal, culinary, or ornamental purposes—from the invigorating or poisonous vegetable which flourishes unnoticed and unknown in the bosom of the forest, to the fragrant woodbine which blooms in the garden's alcove, or the variegated and gaudy tulip, which decorates its gay parterre. By the *latter*, viz. Chymistry, the instructive volume of nature is elucidated and enlarged, by analyzing compound substances, ascertaining their various properties, and by the operation of heat and combination producing many wonderful and useful results.

The structure of the human body, its wonderful organization, the arrangement and harmony of its various parts, together with some of the general principles of *Anatomy*, demand an early and serious attention. What subject of art or science can be more interesting than the nature and mechanism of our own bodies? by even a partial acquaintance with which, we may be taught to avoid much pain, and guard against and alleviate many diseases.

In addition to these subjects of scientific research the general scholar will obtain some information with respect to the principles of *Commerce*, and the relative connexion of one country with another, as it regards an interchange of productions and commodities. As *Geography* will inform him of their topographical situation, *History* will acquaint him with their customs, manners, government, and laws; and the principles of *Commerce* with the nature of their exports and manufactures. And to obtain this kind of knowledge in an ample and satisfactory degree, he will find it necessary to make himself acquainted with some of those living languages which the commercial intercourse of his country may call into action, particularly those generally used in the commercial world, the *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *German*. And to the scholar who hath been well instructed in the grammatical institutes of his native tongue, those of other languages will be easily acquired, the radical principles of all languages supporting a close analogy with each other, notwithstanding some idiomatic peculiarities which may distinguish them. You, therefore, gentlemen, who have so long, and so successfully studied the best and most copious grammar of your own language, will find no difficulty in obtaining the instruction which is to be conveyed by those of others.

Language is the expression of thought, and Style the peculiar manner in which thought is communicated. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that you should endeavour to convey your ideas in the most polished and expressive form. This the scholar will always studiously observe when subjected to the formality of *written* language, though frequently regardless of both in common conversation;—a degree of negligence highly censurable; nothing having a more powerful tendency to engage attention and conciliate respect, than a well selected choice of words in the familiar communication of sentiment. Be, then, particularly assiduous to cultivate the colloquial powers, or the *Art of Social Converse*, by which correct and vigorous thoughts are adorned with the captivating charms of nervous and splendid diction.

To recommend the acquisition of this important accomplishment, it will surely be sufficient to observe that the refined imagination of a Chesterfield, and the profound erudition of a Johnson were habitually tasked to convey their thoughts in the most polished and expressive

terms: hence the one fascinated and enchained, and the other arrested and compelled the attention of every hearer. I trust, therefore, that you will, on all occasions, so carefully select and arrange your expressions that it may be said of each of you, he communicates his sentiments

——" in such apt and gracious words,
" That aged ears play truant at his tales
" And younger hearings are quite ravish'd,
" So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

The same ease, gracefulness, and energy, should be supported in your *Epistolary* intercourse; *that* being conversation reduced to writing.

The science of *Legislation* is a subject which merits and demands your most attentive investigation. Those principles of government which, according to the situation and local circumstances of a country, are essentially necessary to preserve the association and promote the happiness of its inhabitants should certainly be well understood by all who think or converse about the interests of civil polity.

Though there are certain abstract principles, the operation of which, under any state of society, are indispensable to its welfare, yet there are others, the propriety of whose application depends upon the national character, the designation of ranks, the accumulation of wealth, and the dissemination of knowledge among the people.

That form of government which would be sufficiently energetic for the firm, moderate, and enlightened Englishman or American, or even for the phlegmatic German, would certainly not possess sufficient activity for the turbulent Turk, the suspicious Spaniard, the licentious Italian, or the gay and volatile native of France. And as the experience of ages has incontestibly proved that no one of the simple forms of government can afford all those privileges and benefits, which would result from a well organized combination of the advantages, and a rejection of the imperfections, peculiar to each, the great point of political wisdom lies in properly arranging those restraints, and in enacting laws accommodated to the character and condition of the people governed.

Another and very interesting subject of attention for him who would be an accomplished scholar, is, the cultivation of a correct and graceful *Elocution in public addresses.* The elementary principles of this branch you have carefully studied in this seminary, with what success, the exemplifications you have just exhibited will most effectually testify. You have only, therefore, to apply those principles, and to expand their influence by the frequent exercise of reading aloud, and of recitation either in private or before others, to make yourselves masters of an accomplishment which must always render you agreeable compa-

nions in private life, and may enable you to be highly useful and influential in public; the peculiar nature both of our general and state governments rendering every man, who possesses in any degree the confidence of the people, either on account of his integrity or abilities, eligible to a seat in the legislative assembly, where the fascinating, the irresistible influence of chaste and animated oratory is most conspicuously displayed. The pen of the historian has recorded its efficacy in every age of the world, and in every state of society.

Among various other instances, I will, for a moment, direct your attention to that of the incomparable Demosthenes, who was not more remarkable for the power of his elocution than for the difficulties he encountered and overcame, before he attained that celebrity which immortalized him in the annals of oratory; exhibiting at once the magic influence of rhetorical skill, and the equally wonderful operation of perseverance and exertion. Place now before your imagination, my young friends, the image of the Grecian orator in his earlier years, struggling against apparently insuperable natural defects in his articulation, in consequence of which he was hissed from the rostrum by the delicate and fastidious taste of an Athenian audience—view him, instead of sinking into apathy and despair, wandering along the shore of the boisterous Archipelago, and endeavouring to outbellow the ocean "with all its roaring multitude of waves," in order to give compass and strength to his pronunciation, and familiarize him to the tumult of a popular assembly—see him then buried in a subterranean cell invoking the inspiration of Apollo by the glimmering light of the midnight lamp, and placing pebbles in his mouth to retard the velocity of his elocution—behold him, with a naked sword suspended over his shoulder to correct an ungraceful movement which had become habitual, and retiring from that scene of discipline with a wounded, bleeding body—contemplate him, finally, returning to the very Areopagus, from which he had been indignantly expelled, but, in which he now triumphantly exhibited the most brilliant trophies of his victorious eloquence, rousing his countrymen from their inglorious indolence, and with the vivid lightning of his eye, and commanding energy of his voice, fulminating over all Greece, and causing the throne of Macedon to tremble before him, whether occupied by the victorious Philip, or his no less intrepid successor, Alexander the Great.

His was

"that pathetic eloquence, that moulds
"Th' attentive senate; charms, persuades, exalts,
"Of honest zeal, th' indignant lightning throws,
"And shakes Corruption on her venal throne."

THOMSON.

In these memorable incidents, my young friends, you behold the invincible power of Genius, and the sure reward of unwearied industry and assiduous application. Eloquence may be styled the handmaid of Genius—often eliciting that splendor, and awakening that animation which would otherwise have remained dormant and neglected.

Even Shakspeare, whose name is now enrolled in the volume of Immortality, though endowed with superhuman power, slept, as it were, in the tomb of the Capulets, till the potent spell of Garrick's elocution burst the marble jaws of his sepulchre, dissolved, as with Promethean torch, his iron trance, and exhibited his matchless genius to the senses of an admiring world, in all its native mightiness and majesty.

By the magic powers of Eloquence the most astonishing effects have been constantly produced in the history of mankind. The calm suggestions of Wisdom, the dictates of Prudence, the machinations of Artifice, and the exertions of open Force, have often failed to accomplish that which has been instantaneously performed by the effusions of a fervid imagination conveyed through the channel of chaste and animated Oratory. Nations have been guided—armies have been inspired with courage—and empires have been subverted, by the all-subduing influence of a bold, energetic Elocution.

An ordinary, unimpassioned utterance may be said to resemble water in a quiescent, fluid state; an animated, nervous elocution, the same element volatilized by heat, which, under that modification, is capable of exerting an elastic, all-commanding force, that can bear down every obstacle in its progress; can "rend the knarled oak;" shiver the adamantine rock; and even if pent in the centre of yon burning orb of day, would burst from its glowing prison, and scatter the glittering fragments of that resplendent luminary in wild disorder through the planetary system.

The accomplished orator, like the enraptured poet, may be said to possess the keys of the human heart.

> "This can unlock the gates of Joy,
> "Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
> "Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."
>
> GRAY.

Lastly—In order to bring into useful action, and give to these accomplishments their proper effect, you must cultivate the principles of genuine *Taste* and correct *Criticism*. "Taste is that faculty of the human mind, by which we are enabled to perceive and enjoy whatever is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature and of art." By a

studious attention to the best authors, and a frequent intercourse with literary men, you will gradually be qualified justly to appreciate the merits, and accurately to ascertain the errors or deficiencies, of any author or object which may be subjected to your observation. Thus will you view the beauties which are calculated to gratify an intelligent mind with a degree of enthusiasm and refinement which the illiterate and unpolished are incapable either of exciting or of cherishing; and thus will your capacities of intellectual enjoyment be expanded and invigorated, and consequently the purest and most independent principles of human happiness subjected to your command.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VALEDICTORY ORATION,

Delivered at the late Commencement in the Philadelphia Academy, by

Mr. JAMES P. MORRIS.

HAVING gone through the usual course of education in this seminary of learning, having passed the ordeal trials of private and public examination, I am now in full and joyful expectation of receiving those *parchment* honours which are to certify the success of my studies, and prove to a believing world, that my labour hath not been in vain. But I have been informed, that before my temples can be crowned with literary laurels, it is expected that I should address you, ladies and gentlemen, in an *elegant* speech on this *grand* occasion.

Unreasonable as this demand seemed to me, being long accustomed to the passive obedience and nonresistance of a school, I earnestly endeavoured to comply with it. I had recourse to books, to solitary walks, to ardent invocations, and to all the usual provocatives to good writing. I chose for my subject the dignity and advantage of a complete English education, and the excellent mode of attaining it in the Philadelphia Academy. I began with a warm apostrophe to this building, in manner and form following—O ye sacred walls! ye venerable stools and benches! and thou, expanded arch, that hast often echoed the sweet effusions of those aspiring youths who have in times

past been nurtured within your hallowed precincts—hear! O hear! one of your latest sons testify the ardour with which he feels himself inspired,—on escaping from your gloomy confines. Thus far all was well—but what to say next was the difficulty.

While I was making every effort to proceed, an unlucky line of a distressed poet, who was composing new year's verses, popped into my head, viz. "What can I say, that han't been said before?" This ridiculous question, quenched all my enthusiasm in a moment, nothing could be more unfortunate: I certainly proposed, ladies and gentlemen, to have made a very eloquent speech, exemplifying all the possible ornaments of language, expressed in the most grammatical and logical form: but my good intention having been thus unhappily frustrated, I must e'en endeavour to express my sentiments in plain English; yet, although I am under the necessity to change the intended style of my speech, I shall not abandon the subject I had chosen,* for I have been here taught, that perseverance is a cardinal virtue in the character of a scholar, and that the life of a student is a life of perpetual warfare. I have been daily told, You must consider your lesson as an enemy you have to encounter. If you conquer it, you will forever command its services and be rewarded with honour and reputation; but if it defeats you, ignorance and disgrace will assuredly be your portion. From the influence of this principle, therefore, having grappled, I am resolved to hold fast my subject, be the issue what it may: the chance I know is against me, as I am not accustomed to extempore speaking; but my confidence in the liberality, indulgence, and benevolence of this polite audience, seems to inspire me with invincible courage. So much for my exordium, which is one sixth part of my oration, and I think tolerably well executed. To begin then the detail of our instruction here.

As soon as a youngster can read trisyllables with any degree of facility, a Grammar is put into his hands, and he is required to commit a portion of it to memory every night, grammar being the very foundation of language; and justly so termed, its rules being as hard, as rough, and as unpolished, as the stones which constitute the walls of a cellar. Through all the mazes of this grammar, the sounds of the letters, the proper division of syllables, the properties of the different parts of speech, the rules of syntax, and the puzzling perplexities of prosody, he is obliged to wade, groping for some time in utter dark-

* For the greater part of this introductory portion of the address the writer is indebted to the works of the late Francis Hopkinson, Esq. being the exordium of an oration written by that gentleman for one of the graduates of the University. *Vide Hopkinson's Works, Vol.* 1,

ness, and learning by rote a complicated system of rules, the propriety or application of which it is impossible for him to see at the time he is learning them; but, when he begins to parse, then the beauty, the symmetry, the connexion of the before incomprehensible whole, begin to appear: like the genial rays of a meridian sun, after a dark and gloomy thunder-storm, (and such often occur within the walls of this building) the light of knowledge beams with the most invigorating radiance upon his hitherto torpid faculties; he feels himself in possession of a new character, and brings not only all the written, but the colloquial language he meets with, to the test of his grammatical skill. Often indeed have I, while silently sitting at my father's fireside, pitied the ignorance of otherwise very respectable characters, for the torrents of ungrammatical jargon which they poured out; nay, I have more than once detected members of Congress tripping, and what was still more astonishing and distressing to me, I have even sometimes heard grammatical errors from the fair mouths of the ladies.

The next branch to which our attention was called, was that of Composition, by which we were instructed how to connect sentences together so as to form a good style, accommodated to the nature of the subject to be discussed. We were taught the peculiarities of the concise and diffuse, the nervous and the feeble, the vehement and the plain, the neat, the graceful, the florid, the simple and affected style, together with all the ornaments of figurative language, from the trope to the allegory, from the cold discussion of a philosophic theory, to the animated, glittering, and glowing rhapsody of an eastern tale, a town meeting address, or, ladies, a passionate love-letter.

Having thus enjoyed the opportunity of rendering ourselves masters of written language, we were called upon to study Elocution, or the art of reading or reciting with justness, energy, propriety, and ease, either our own sentiments or those of others, whether communicated in prose or verse, with the peculiarities attached to each species of oratory for the pulpit, the senate, or the bar.

We were next introduced to an acquaintance with Natural History, or the properties and various classification of the objects which surround us, in the three kingdoms of nature: the mineral, vegetable, and animal; the composition of fossils and minerals; the construction of trees and plants; and the form and faculties of living creatures, from the majestic rotundity of the mighty mammoth, to the delicate organization of prairie dogs.

Geography, or a knowledge of "this great globe which we inhabit" followed next; by which the relative situation of countries, their boundaries, their rivers, mountains, &c. are precisely ascertained; so that we can now read a newspaper with peculiar delight, as we can travel

in imagination over the whole globe; through oceans, over mountains, across deserts and uncivilized regions, without either the risk of life, or the expenditure of money; nay, can follow the invincible Bonaparte through all his military manoeuvres, without the fear of being made conscripts, the danger of death, or of mutilation in his desperate battles.

The next step of our academical ladder was Logic, or a knowledge of the art of reasoning.

As the former branches which engaged our attention related to external things, this makes us in some degree acquainted with the powers of the human mind. O! the inexpressible comfort of chopping logic! by which truth is ascertained, error exposed, and ignorance silenced. Let not this branch of our education be objected to, as being too abstruse and abstracted for our juvenile minds. The human mind, be assured, is capable of much earlier and more extensive expansion than is generally imagined, and though we have not been able fully to comprehend all the intricacies of logical disquisition, yet its elementary principles which we could comprehend, were so far useful that they convinced us we were in possession of intellectual powers we should otherwise have been ignorant of, as well as of the proper application of them to the art of reasoning. During our progress through these scientific branches, a portion of each day was devoted to the art of writing, to arithmetic, to the correct reading of the highest English classics, Thomson, Milton, and Young, and our Saturdays to practical elocution, an examination in our respective catechisms, and an explanation by our director of some of the leading and general principles of Christianity; while the business of each day was commenced and closed by prayer, and the reading of the Holy Scriptures.

Such is the system of education we have passed through in this seminary: and if it be not a complete English education, at least as to elementary principles, which is all that is ever taught at school, I know not what is: besides, in acquiring it, such habits of study and attention are induced, as must greatly facilitate the progress of higher studies, and accustom the mind to serious thinking.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, I have given you the outlines of that course of education which has so happily terminated in presenting us before you this morning.

And now, having executed my proposed undertaking, I should congratulate you and myself on its accomplishment, and with a formal bow retire, were it not that being the last of the orators of the day, it is incumbent upon me to conclude in the valedictory form.

Permit me, therefore, reverend and respected Sir, to offer you my sincere and most grateful acknowledgments, and those of every indi-

vidual of my class, for your benevolent attention and unremitted exertions in our behalf. The instruction you have communicated, and the precepts you have inculcated, will, we trust, ever maintain the most active influence upon our future conduct. May you long continue, Sir, to preside over this Institution, to dispense similar blessings to our successors, and in the fullest enjoyment of health, prosperity, and happiness.

The hour of our separation, my dear fellow students, is at length arrived; when we shall either prosecute our studies in other seminaries, or engage in some of the various employments of active life: receive, therefore, my parting advice, to cherish and expand the elements of science here acquired, and to regulate your future conduct by the dictates of Religion and Morality here delivered. I trust the friendships we have formed during our association here, will be continued through life, and that as we advance in age we may make proportionate advances in useful knowledge and in practical piety. Farewell! my friends, may the choicest blessings of heaven be liberally bestowed upon you!

To you, young gentlemen of the junior classes, I most earnestly recommend a diligent perseverance in the daily acquisition of knowledge, a cheerful conformity to the discipline of the Institution, and an affectionate and respectful deportment towards your teachers and superiors. Behold in us, the reward of diligence, and may you in course experience the honour and satisfaction which we now enjoy.

Accept, respected auditors, my most ardent thanks for the honour conferred on us this day, by your presence, and for your patient and polite attention.

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXVIII.

It was impossible to confine what I had to say of the deaf and dumb to one letter; and if I have been able, in any degree, to communicate what I feel with respect to this highly useful institution, you will scarcely regret that I could not. I twice attended the monthly exhibitions, of which I will give you an account presently, and had some con-

versation with the Abbe Sicard; and I once had the pleasure of passing some time in a room where an assistant of the Abbe was giving lessons. On my arrival at the Carmelites, upon this last occasion, I asked a little boy, who was going out, to show me the school [illegible]n, upon which he applied his fingers to his mouth and to his ears, to explain to me that he was deaf and dumb, and then imitated the action of a person taking a pencil out of his pocket, and writing on a piece of paper. All this was done in less time than words expressive of the same ideas could have been pronounced, and with a very intelligent countenance, and upon my writing down, that I was an American, and that I wished to see a countryman, a *sourd-muet* who had lately arrived, he conducted me to the room. I could perceive, as he went along the corridor of the ancient convent, that he told the boys we met, who I was, with his fingers; several of them appeared to be conversing, and all of them seemed cheerful and happy. As I requested the instructor to continue his lesson, I had the pleasure to see the mode of teaching, which the Abbe recommends, put in practice. A part of the wainscot was painted black, and upon this, the boys either drew the figures of different objects, or placed the names of them, or wrote sentences which the master dictated. Some of them were learning the numerical figures by making a greater or less number of radii meet in a common centre, where the figures were placed; and others, the government of a verb, by one or more substantives; in the case of the third person singular, for instance, of the verb *to go*, and in the present time, *he* was put at one extremity of a line and *goes* at the other; and in the third person plural, two lines, each having *he* at one extremity, terminated by forming an acute angle, and there the words *they go* were written. It was the same for the first person plural of *to be:* two lines, with *I am* at the commencement of each, ended in *we are*. I desired the instructor to dictate to one of them, that I was from North America, which he did by pointing to the west with one hand, and with a gesture which implied distance, and making a movement with the other in imitation of a ship in motion. He comes from America, was instantly written down, and the boys immediately gathered about me and drew my attention to a little Creole of St. Domingo, implying, I presume, that he was my countryman. I then requested that the word North might be put before America, upon which the instructor, making a sign that all was not right, looked first as if incommoded by the sun, then turned suddenly round and pointed a little to the right of West, and the word North was immediately added. I observed that they expressed the future by moving the hand forward in a half circle vertically, and the past by an action which resembled the throwing of something over the shoulder. I am sorry I neglected to ask how many pupils there are at

present under the care of the Abbe Sicard, but I know the number to be very considerable. Persons who are able to bear the expense, pay for the board and tuition of their children, the others are maintained by the government. I should have been glad to have repeated my visit to this interesting place, but there were still a great many things to be seen in Paris, and my time has passed as rapidly as in a dream.

A great many of Massieu's definitions are the best I know, and I was only sorry, that a person of his respectable character and great acquirements should be called upon to act a part, once a month, upon a sort of public stage. As he expresses himself by looks, and by gesticulations, and motions of the body, there are times when it is impossible to keep one's countenance. But the good Abbe condescends to act a part also, and takes a great deal of pains to explain his system before persons, who pay very little attention to what he says, and are far from following him, as he imagines, into the regions of metaphysics. They come to see the *sourd-muets* perform feats of knowledge, as they would go to see a monkey play tricks, and are impatient till the show begins.

There is a simplicity in the language of these people, when they express themselves upon paper, which is very interesting. It happened once to Massieu to have his pocket picked, and his attestation before the magistrate was as follows: "I am a *sourd-muet*. I was standing with others, *sourd-muets* like myself, looking at the pyx of the holy Sacrament, when a man perceived a red pocket-book in my right coat pocket. He approached me gently and took it. My hip informed me of what had happened. I turned towards him: he was frightened, and threw the pocket-book against the leg of another man, who picked it up and gave it to me. I took him by the coat; he turned pale and trembled. I beckoned to a soldier and showed him the pocket-book. The soldier brings this man-robber before you, and I have followed. I swear before God he took my pocket-book. He dares not swear before God. I hope he will not have his head cut off, but only be made to row upon the sea, for he has not killed."

The first effusions of his mind, when his teacher had made him feel the necessity of a supreme Being, and convinced his reason that there was a God were truly astonishing: He begged that he might return home and give the blessed information to his parents, and to his brothers and sisters; and when he was informed that the government had decreed him twelve hundred livres a year, as an assistant teacher: "ah, how happy I am!" was his exclamation, "my dear parents now can never want bread."

The almost impious idea of Rousseau, that he would present himself to his creator, at the day of universal judgment, with the volume of his confessions in his hand, might cease to deserve that epithet, if

applied to these good and virtuous men, the Abbe de l'Epee and the Abbe Sicard. They, surely, if we can suppose such a moment according to the literal interpretation, might not fear to present themselves at the most awful tribunal, followed by numbers, for whom neither virtue nor religion had existed, but for their exertions.

NEW PERIODICAL PAPER,

BY MESSRS. COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY, AND OTHERS.

A VERY late London gazette announces that a new weekly paper, entitled THE FRIEND, was on the eve of making its appearance in the metropolis of the British empire. This Journal is to be conducted by the celebrated Coleridge, already advantageously known to the republic of letters by many ingenious performances both in Poetry and Prose. With the utmost cheerfulness we insert his Prospectus in The Port Folio, and this we do with the more alacrity, because it is plainly perceived that Time, Experience, and Observation, have totally changed the colour of this gentleman's mind, and that the reign of right principle is fully restored.

The execution of this Prospectus, we think, falls rather below Mr. Coleridge's brilliant powers. It is manifestly a hasty production; and, in the awkward form of a fragment of a letter, has the guise of affected negligence, not to say slovenliness. Mr. Coleridge is unquestionably capable of much more glorious exertion, and, when we recollect that, with all an architect's ability, he is about to construct a magnificent Temple, we are not a little surprised that he has not been more studious of the elegance of its porch.

The plan is nearly unexceptionable. It is liberal and extensive. The preference of prominent utility to transient delight is certainly judicious, but when Mr. Coleridge tremendously threatens his terrified readers with the menace of writing *long* essays, we tremble for the popularity of the work. If he depart from the plan of the Spectator, Mr. Coleridge does it at his peril. Brevity, he need not be told, is the soul of wit, and a long essay is as absurd as a long epigram.

EDITOR.

PROSPECTUS OF THE FRIEND.

A WEEKLY ESSAY, BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Extracted from a letter to a correspondent.

"It is not unknown to you, that I have employed almost the whole of my life in acquiring, or endeavouring to acquire, useful knowledge, by study, reflection, observation, and by cultivating the society of my superiors in intellect, both at home and in foreign countries. You know too, that at different periods of my life, I have not only planned, but collected the materials for many works on various and important subjects: so many indeed, that the number of my unrealized schemes, and the mass of my miscellaneous fragments, have often furnished my friends with a subject of raillery, and sometimes of regret and reproof. Waving the mention of all private and accidental hindrances, I am inclined to believe, that this want of perseverance has been produced in the main by an over activity of thought, modified by a constitutional indolence, which made it more pleasant to me to continue acquiring, than to reduce what I had acquired to a regular form. Add too, that almost daily throwing off my notices or reflections in desultory fragments, I was still tempted onward by an increasing sense of the imperfection of my knowledge, and by the conviction, that, in order fully to comprehend and develop any one subject, it was necessary that I should make myself master of some other, which again as regularly involved a third, and so on with an ever-widening horizon. Yet one habit, formed during long absences from those, with whom I could converse with full sympathy, has been of advantage to me—that of daily noting down, in my memorandum or commonplace books, both incidents and observations; whatever had occurred to me from without, and all the flux and reflux of my mind within itself. The number of these notices, and their tendency, miscellaneous as they were, to one common end, (*quid sumus et quid futuri gignimur*, what we are, and what we are born to become; and thus, from the end of our being to deduce its proper objects) first encouraged me to undertake my weekly essay, of which you will consider this letter as the Prospectus.

"Not only did the plan seem to accord better than any other with the nature of my own mind, both in its strength and in its weakness; but conscious that, in upholding the principles both of taste and philosophy, adopted by the great men of Europe, from the middle of the fifteenth till toward the close of the seventeenth century, I must run counter to many prejudices of many of my readers (for old faith is often modern heresy). I perceived too in a periodical essay the most likely means of winning, instead of forcing my way. Supposing truth on my side, the shock of the first day might be so far lessened by reflections the succeeding days, as to procure for my next week's essay a less hostile reception, than it could have met with, had it been only the next chapter of a present volume. I hoped to disarm the

mind of those feelings, which preclude conviction by contempt, and, as it were, fling the door in the face of reasoning by a presumption of its absurdity. A motive too for honourable ambition was supplied by the fact, that every periodical paper of the kind now attempted, which had been conducted with zeal and ability, was not only well received at the time, but has become permanently, and in the best sense of the word, popular. By honourable ambition I mean the strong desire to be useful, aided by the wish to be generally acknowledged to have been so. As I feel myself actuated in no ordinary degree by this desire, so the hope of realizing it appears less and less presumptuous to me, since I have received from men of the highest rank, and established character, in the republic of letters, not only strong encouragements as to my own fitness for the undertaking, but likewise promises of support from their own stores.

The *object* of The Friend, briefly and generally expressed is, to uphold those truths and those merits, which are founded in the nobler and permanent parts of our nature, against the caprices of fashion, and such pleasures, as either depend on transitory and accidental causes, or are pursued from less worthy impulses. The chief subjects of my own essays will be:

The true and sole ground of Morality, or Virtue as distinguished from prudence.

The origin and growth of moral impulses, as distinguished from external and immediate motives.

The necessary dependence of taste on moral impulse and habits: and the nature of taste (relatively to judgment in general and to genius) defined, illustrated, and applied. Under this head I comprise the substance of the Lectures given, and intended to have been given, at the royal institution, on the distinguished English Poets, in illustration of the general principles of Poetry: together with suggestions concerning the affinity of the Fine Arts to each other, and the principles common to them all.

The opening out of new objects of just admiration in our language; and information of the present state and past history of Swedish, Danish, German, and Italian literature, (to which, but as supplied by a friend, I may add the Spanish, Portuguese, and French), as far as the same has not been already given to English readers, or is not to be found in common French authors.

Characters met with in real life; Anecdotes and results of my own life and travels, &c. &c. as far as they are illustrative of general Moral Laws, and have no immediate bearing on personal or immediate politics.

Education in its widest sense, private and national.

Sources of consolation to the afflicted in misfortune, or disease, or distress of mind, from the exertion and right application of the reason, and imagination, and the moral sense; and new sources of enjoyment opened out, or an attempt (as an illustrious friend once expressed the thought to me) to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy more happy. By the words "distress of mind," I more particularly refer to speculative doubt or dis-

lief concerning the moral government of the world and the destination of man.

Such are the chief subjects, in the development of which I hope to realize, to a certain extent, the great object of my essays. It will assuredly be my endeavour, by as much variety as is consistent with that object, to procure *entertainment* for my readers, as well as *instruction:* yet I feel myself compelled to hazard the confession, that such of my readers as make the *latter* the paramount motive for their encouragement of The Friend, will receive the largest portion of the *former.* I have heard it said of a young lady, if you are told before you see her, that she is handsome, you will think her ordinary; if that she is ordinary, you will think her handsome. I may perhaps apply this remark to my own essays. If instruction and the increase of honourable motives and virtuous impulses be chiefly expected, there will, I would fain hope, be felt no deficiency of amusement; but I must submit to be thought dull by those, who seek amusement only. "THE FRIEND" will he distinguished from its celebrated predecessors, the Spectator, &c. as to its plan, chiefly by the greater length of the separate Essays, by their closer connexion with each other, by the predominance of one object, and by the common bearing of all to one end.

"It would be superfluous to state, that I shall receive with gratitude any communications addressed to me: but it may be proper to say, that, all remarks and criticisms in praise or dispraise of my contemporaries (to which however nothing but a strong sense of a Moral Interest will ever lead me) will be written by myself only; both because I cannot have the same certainty concerning the motives of others, and because I deem it fit, that such strictures should always be attended by the name of their author, and that one and the same person should be solely responsible for the insertion as well as composition of the same.

"I may not inaptly conclude this Prospectus with a quotation from Petrarch "De Vita Solitaria:"

"Crede mihi, non est parvæ fiduciæ, polliceri opem decertantibus, consilium dubiis, lumen cæcis, spem dejectis, refrigerium fessis. Magna quidam hæc sunt, si fiant; parva si promittantur. Verum ego non tam aliis legem ponam, quam legem vobis meæ propriæ mentis exponam: quam qui probaverit, teneat; cui non placuerit, abjiciat. Optarem, fateor, talis esse, qui prodesse possem quam plurimis."

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Grasmere, near Kendall,
February 2d, 1809.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER IV.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, Feb. 1804.

SINCE my last we have been alarmed to a serious degree, by a strange and uncommon transaction. On Sunday, the fifth instant, the town was filled with soldiers, who had orders to kill all the *dogs*. Some were stationed at the corners of the streets, with drawn swords, while others entered the houses and drove the dogs out, who no sooner appearing in the streets, were crushed with stones, bayonetted, or cut to pieces with sabres. This barbarous and inhuman conduct excited universal terror and consternation among the whites, who considered it as a signal to notify them of their approaching fate. Few ventured into the streets, and those who did, appeared pale and gloomy, and bearing every mark of distress and fear. In the evening the streets were full of dead dogs, and most of the poor animals that had not been destroyed, appeared with the loss of some of their limbs. This piece of cruelty, it was afterwards said, was done by the direction of Christophe, in consequence of a dog having made an attempt to bite his horse as he was riding. But this is hardly to be credited. I am satisfied in my own mind, that it was done with a view of affrighting the whites, by displaying the vengeance to which they were themselves soon to be devoted in the destruction of the animal which had been so wickedly employed in torturing and tearing to pieces so many of the blacks.

The foreigners now in this place consist of very few others than Americans, who, you know, are to be found in every part of the world. Some are resident merchants, but the chief part of them are sojourners. The treatment we receive from the Haytians may be considered as *civil;* as for *respect*, we see very little of that, and I am sorry to find that they have no higher opinion of the American character, than other people, who form their judgment of us from mercantile intercourse. We are considered as a nation of traders, whose sole pursuit is money, and who, for the attainment of their favourite object, would sacrifice probity, virtue, and honour. Dessalines has been heard to say, that "If a bag of coffee was to be placed on the brink of Hell, an American would be the first man to go for it."

In the present unsettled state of affairs, we meet with much difficulty in the transaction of business. The officers of the custom house do not yet completely understand the routine of business belonging to their department, and they have a number of absurd and useless regulations, which cause detentions and an infinity of trouble.

The males in this country, as stated in a former letter, above the age of *fourteen* are all soldiers. A sufficient number are left in the towns to perform the necessary offices of mechanics, tradesmen, porters, servants, &c. These compose the militia, and are liable at any time to be called into service at a moment's warning. The rest are employed in the army, or in agriculture. The regular troops, as *chasseurs*, *dragoons*, and *grenadiers*, who are usually employed as the city guards, or as the personal guards of the officers, are the best disciplined troops, and always appear in uniform. These men are sometimes permitted to go out to work, and it is a very common thing to employ a fellow at a *five-penny-bit* job, who has a cocked hat on, and a sword by his side. These troops, however, are, at best, but poorly clad, and worse fed. They receive a small allowance of very hard bread, and get no pay, for the government, though they promise to pay them, are too fond of money to let it out of the treasury.

The great body of the troops, who are stationed at the forts in the country are complete raggamuffins, and have often reminded me of Falstaff's "good householders, yeomen's sons," when he says "There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves." Large companies are frequently marched into town for the purpose of carrying arms and utensils into the country, and it was upon these occasions I have seen them. One has had on a pair of small clothes, another a jacket, a third a hat, and perhaps an apology for a shirt; and many a poor fellow have I seen with nothing on but his cartridge-box. On one occasion I saw a fellow in his shirt, with a sword on. These poor devils get nothing to eat but *plantains*, and perhaps are sometimes favoured with a *point at a herring*. They are compelled to draw large heavy waggons, laden with military apparatus into the country, are severely treated by their commanders, and kept in the most absolute subjection. They are continually murmuring at the hardness of their situation, their short allowance, and cruel treatment, and it is my firm belief, that if they had an opportunity of leaving the Island many of them would do it. Several have requested me to take them to America. I asked why they wished to leave the land of liberty; one of them replied, that he began to see that the motto of the government, "Liberty or Death," meant *liberty* for the *great* men, and *death* for the *poor*. There was a great deal of truth in his observation, for it is very certain there is not a government on earth, the subjects of which are more servilely treated.

Some days since, a mutiny was detected at the arsenal by the commanding officer. There was a company of artillerists, about eighty

in number, who had a long time tamely submitted to their hard treatment, and who refused to do so any longer. They remonstrated with their officers—"Have we not," said they "fought for our liberty, and been victorious, and are we still to be slaves?" Their question was answered significantly. They were cast into a dungeon, for the purpose of learning the sweets even of that liberty of which they complained.

It would be natural to suppose that Touissaint L'Ouverture, the former commander in chief of the blacks, who effected so much for their advantage in the revolution, and who so powerfully assisted them in the cause of liberty, would be remembered with gratitude and love. This is not the case; his name is seldom mentioned, but in terms of reproach. Christophe said to a friend of mine in conversation, that Touissant was a *fool.* The fact is, that every man appears to be jealous of another's fame, and endeavours to detract from his reputation, thinking thereby to add to his own. For my part, I am fully persuaded that the spirit of freedom which originally actuated the *negro slaves* of St. Domingo, to throw off the yoke of bondage, is now completely and effectually extinct, among the *grandees of Hayti.* It has given place to a spirit of insolence, of oppression, and self-importance. Every one is seeking for power, and the happiness of the inferior classes of the people never occupies a moment of their attention. They are like the rest of mankind, as soon as they have gained their ends by the agency of *the people*, they forget past favours, and behold with contempt the insignificant, credulous fools who raised them into power.

The *grandees* of Hayti, I mean those who are admitted in the *first circle*, and who participate in the *style* of high life, are, the officers of the army as low down as a *commandant* or major, (a captain being seldom, a subaltern never admitted into company, unless he be an aid-de-camp) the officers of the civil departments, the priests, judges, lawyers, physicians, and a few citizens of different denominations. The great body of the people of the second class are, however, noticed, and are often invited to the tables of the *great.*

Some of these gentry are nabobs of the first order, and live in a most sumptuous and extravagant manner. They have spacious houses splendidly furnished, servants and equipages, and a guard of soldiers at their doors, to prevent informal visits, and to convey a high and mighty idea of their importance. Their tables are furnished with delicate and expensive meats, fruits, and pastry, served up in the most elegant manner, and accompanied with the choicest liquors, while they themselves appear in all the grandeur of nobility.

You must know that the governor general is at this time in a distant part of the island, but his lady is now on a visit at the Cape, and no-

thing is to be seen but festivity and rejoicing. Entertainments are going on with great lustre, and her ladyship has enough to do, to receive the visits, and swallow the fulsome flattery, which is constantly lavished upon her by some of the French white inhabitants.

Not long since I had the honour of being invited to a party given by this lady, and as a particular description, I knew, would be amusing to you, I took the pains to observe every thing with attention. The day before the appointed time, which was Sunday, the twelfth instant, invitations, printed on fine wove paper, with gilt borders, of which the following is a copy, were distributed.

"Cap, le 11 Février, 1804.

"Femme Dessalines

"Invite Monsieur ——— au dîner et au bal qu'elle donne demain, à sept heurs précises du soir; Elle espère, qu'il lui procurera la douce et agréable satisfaction d'y assister.

d'ordre

P. A. Charrier."

In consequence of this entertainment, it was, at the same time ordered, that the performances at the theatre (which is always open on Sunday) should commence earlier than usual, that the guests might have an opportunity of being doubly gratified, by assembly there, and proceeding thence in a body to the house of festivity. The theatre opened at half past five, and was attended by a very large and *respectable* audience, including the greatest part of the *gentry*, but the performances did not commence until the *entree* of the governor's lady and suite.

The theatre, though small, is very neatly ornamented within, and the players, who are whites and mulattoes, appear to have some talents for comedy; but as for the delicacy of the performances, little can be said in favour of it. At the conclusion, we moved on in procession, and at about eight o'clock found ourselves before the gates of the government house. It is a spacious and handsome building, situate a short distance from the street, having a lawn with a gravel walk in front, and was, before the revolution, occupied as a nunnery. The avenue from the gate to the entrance of the house was brilliantly illuminated with at least a thousand lamps. We passed through the hall of the house into a large saloon erected in the garden purposely for this occasion. It was about thirty feet broad, and three hundred long, covered and entirely lined with canvas. It was elegantly ornamented on the inside with flowers, branches of trees, *three hundred* small lamps of coloured glass arranged around the room, four large chandeliers sus-

pended over the table, twelve great looking-glasses, and a marble statue at each end of the room, in a recess. The table contained all the meats, vegetables, poultry, fruit, pastry, confectionary, and liquors, that could possibly be procured. Among these were beef, mutton, turkies, ducks, chickens, wild fowl, turtle, oysters, pine-apples, alligator pears, apples, oranges, puddings, jellies, preserves, cakes, and claret, Madeira, and Champaign wines.

There were *two hundred and fifty* guests at the table, besides many who could not procure seats. The company consisted of the general of division Christophe, who occupied the centre, with Lady Dessalines, our hostess, on his right hand, and Madame Christophe on his left, six or eight black and mulatto generals, as many colonels and others of high rank, with all the officers of any distinction, civil and military, then in the Cape, the captain and officers of a British man of war, about thirty American merchants and captains, a great number of the white French inhabitants of the most respectable class, male and female, a few black and coloured *professional gentlemen*, and citizens, and a great croud of mulatto and black damsels. The table was surrounded by about a *hundred* domestics and waiters, and a guard of soldiers to keep off the rabble, who had rushed in like a torrent to see this beautiful exhibition, and a grand band of music performed fine pieces during the whole of the repast. Except the meschianza given, during the American war, in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, I doubt if any *fete* ever given in the United States equalled this in luxury, variety, or splendor.

General Christophe was dressed in a scarlet coat, embroidered, I may say covered, with gold lace, for the cloth was scarcely visible, with two golden epaulets, a large military hat with gold lace border, boots with gold borders and tassels, an embroidered vest, and pantaloons,of yellow nankeen, beautifully worked in front. The other officers were dressed in a manner suited to their rank, some, however, very little inferior to Christophe.

Lady Dessalines wore a plain dress; her *hair* was ornamented with artificial flowers, beads, and combs; her arms with golden bracelets; her ears with suberb rings and bobs; and her finger with a ring containing a small gold watch set in diamonds, valued at several thousand dollars. The other ladies of distinction, and maids of honour, were also encumbered with trinkets and beads, but none of them so extravagantly as the governor's lady.

At the conclusion of the feast several toasts were given by Christophe, and drank with loud expressions of applause; among these were, " The Governor General of Hayti," (who was absent) His Bri-

tannic Majesty," and "The President of the United States." The greatest harmony previaled, and upon this occasion, the time-serving Frenchmen, who were present, had a glorious opportunity of displaying their gallant attention to the distinguished *fair ones*. After this the company retired into various parts of the house and garden, to keep out of the way, until the tables should be removed, and preparations made for the ball; when this was arranged, the music struck up, and the whole room was in motion. As I declined dancing, I amused myself by lounging about the room as a silent spectator. Their chief dances were cotillions; most of them danced well, and some of them elegantly; but the checkered appearance of the floor, was to me a novel, and, I must confess, an unpleasant sight. In one place would be seen, a handsome gentlemanly Frenchman *dancing to* an ugly, vulgar-looking negro wench, and in another, a delicate young lady, fair as a lily, and the picture of virtue and innocence, *going right and left* with a savage looking negro, bearing the very front of an assassin. I pitied the poor wretches who were obliged to submit to such degradation for the purpose of preserving their lives; and when I reflected, that, perhaps, at a future day, they might be butchered by these same partners, the very blood chilled in my veins.

It would be reasonable to suppose, that, upon an occasion of this kind, where there was such a large and crowded assemblage of *gentry*, perspiring with the fatigue of dancing, and in a hot climate, that the atmosphere of the room would be impregnated with a certain *something* not too pleasant in its operation upon the olfactory nerves. Upon this subject, I beg leave to remark, that the very general use of musk and other scents in this place, so absolutely predominates, that an odour of any other kind, stands no sort of chance. In fine, a ball-room in Hayti, contains as pure and sweet air as one in any other country, except as it relates to the practice of perfuming.

About one o'clock of the following morning, being a little fatigued, I concluded upon going home, but was surprised to find the gates closed, in consequence of orders given to the sentries to let no one pass. This appeared to me like overdoing the business, and reminded me of some of our Pennsylvania farmers, who think it is not a visit unless you stay with them all night. I however made the best of my *durance*, and without much ceremony, retired to a distant part of the ball-room, reclined upon a bench, and took a nap. I awoke a little after day-light, and found the *ladies* and *gentlemen* still dancing. All around me on the floor and benches, were to be seen *sleeping beauties* of all colours, but white, who, it seems, had been seized with the same infection as myself, while some of my countrymen, by way of amusement, were

"tickling their noses as they lay asleep." At sunrise, a *supper*, to me a *breakfast*, was set before us, being the remains of our dinner, with some onion soup, upon which we regaled for a few minutes. The last ceremony was now to be performed, and hereupon a difference of opinion arose among some of the Americans, whether they should say *good night* or *good morning* to our kind hostess. Her ladyship was seated upon an elegant sopha, with her maids of honour around her. Her countenance proclaimed the joy and satisfaction she experienced upon an occasion where so much harmony and friendship prevailed, and where every distinction of colour appeared to be laid aside, where the black and the white, the yellow and the brown were spontaneously intermingled, as belonging to the same family of which she was the head. Her eyes sparkled with lustre, and her sable lips were prepared with a gentle pout, to receive the salutations of all those, who would prefer them to her shining cheek. The principal part of the French visitors *embraced* the noble lady, as did also the coloured gentry, but the Americans and Englishmen contented themselves with a respectful bow, and thus we took our leave.

R.

EPISTOLARY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following very curious letter has, we believe, never before been published. It is addressed by Dr. Franklin to Dr. Samuel Johnson, the first President of King's (now Columbia) College, New-York, the venerable father of the Episcopal Church of Connecticut, and the apostle of sound learning and elegant literature in New-England It appears to have been written at the time of the first establishment of the College of Philadelphia, an offer of the presidency of which institution had been offered to Dr. Johnson. This offer he declined on account of a similar and more advantageous offer from New-York.

A very well written life of Dr. Johnson by Dr. Chandler was published some years ago, containing, besides many very curious anecdotes of the history and early literature of our country, a very interesting series of correspondence between Dr. Johnson and Archbishop Secker, and Bishops Lowth, Berkely, and Gibson, and several other very distinguished dignitaries of the Church of England.

Philadelphia, August 23, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

WE received your favour of the 16th instant. Mr. Peters will hardly have time to write to you per this post, and I must be short. Mr. Francis spent the last evening with me, and we were all glad to hear that you seriously meditate a visit after the middle of next month, and that you will inform us by a line when to expect you. We drank your health and Mrs. Johnson's, remembering your kind entertainment of us at Stratford.

I think with you, that nothing is of more importance for the public weal, than to form and train up youth in wisdom and virtue. Wise and good men are, in my opinion, the *strength* of a state: much more so than riches or arms, which, under the management of Ignorance and Wickedness, often draw on destruction, instead of providing for the safety of a people. And though the culture bestowed on *many* should be successful only with a *few*, yet the influence of those few and the service in their power, may be very great. Even a single woman that was wise, by her wisdom saved a city.

I think also, that general virtue is more probably to be expected and obtained from the *education* of youth, than from the *exhortation* of adult persons; bad habits and vices of the mind, being, like diseases of the body, more easily prevented than cured.

I think moreover, that talents for the education of youth are the gift of God; and that he on whom they are bestowed, whenever a way is opened for the use of them, is as strongly *called* as if he heard a voice from heaven: nothing more surely pointing out *duty* in a public service, than *ability* and *opportunity* of performing it.

I have not yet discoursed with Dr. Jenney concerning your removal hither. You have reason, I own, to doubt, whether your coming on the foot I proposed would not be disagreeable to him; though I think it ought not: for should his *particular interest* be somewhat affected by it, that ought not to stand in competition with the *general good*; especially as it cannot be *much* affected, he being old, and rich, and without children. I will however learn his sentiments before the next post. But whatever influence they might have on your determinations about removing, they need have none on your intention of visiting; and if you favour us with the visit, it is not necessary that you should previously write to him to learn his dispositions about your removal; since you will see him, and when we are all together, those things may be better settled in conversation than by letters at a distance. Your tenderness of the church's peace is truly laudable; but, methinks, to

build a new church in a growing place is not properly *dividing* but *multiplying*; and will really be a means of increasing the number of those who worship God in that way. Many who cannot now be accommodated in the church, go to other places, or stay at home; and if we had another church, many who go to other places, or stay at home, would go to church. I suppose the interest of the church has been far from suffering in Boston by the building of two churches there in my memory. I had for several years nailed against the wall of my house a pigeon box that would hold six pair; and though they bred as fast as my neighbours' pigeons, I never had more than six pair, the old and strong driving out the young and weak, and obliging them to seek new habitations. At length I put up an additional box with apartments for entertaining twelve pair more; and it was soon filled with inhabitants, by the overflowing of my first box, and of others in the neighbourhood. This I take to be a parallel case with the building a new church here.

Your years I think are not so many as to be an objection of any weight, especially considering the vigour of your constitution. For the small-pox, if it should spread here, you might inoculate with great probability of safety; and I think that distemper generally more favourable here than farther northward. Your objection about the politeness of Philadelphia, and your imagined rusticity, is mere compliment; and your diffidence of yourself absolutely groundless.

My humble respects, if you please, to your brethren at the commencement. I hope they will advise you to what is most for the good of the whole, and then I think they will advise you to remove hither.

Please to tender my best respects and service to Mrs. Johnson and your son.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

NATURAL HISTORY.

AT a meeting of the *Wernerian Natural History Society*, on Saturday the 19th of November, 1808, Mr. P. Neill read some observations on the *great Sea Snake of the Northern Ocean.* He enumerated and read extracts from the different authors who had mentioned it, Ramus, Egede, and Pontoppidan. He remarked that it was placed by

the latter author between the *mermaid* and the *kraken*, in a chapter which treats on sea-monsters; and that, standing in such suspicious company, it had been rejected by naturalists in general as a fabulous creature. He stated, however, that within a few weeks, a vast marine animal, shaped like a snake, and not described in the works of systematic naturalists, had been cast ashore in Orkney. This curious animal, it appears, was stranded in Rothesholm bay, in the island of Stronsa. Malcolm Laing, Esq. M. P. being in Orkney at the time, communicated the circumstance to his brother Gilbert Laing, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh, on whose property the animal had been stranded. Through this authentic channel Mr. Neill received his information. The creature was dead when it came on shore, and the tail seemed to have been injured and broken by dashing among the rocks. The body measured fifty-five feet in length, and the circumference of the thickest part was equal to the girth of an Orkney poney. The head was not larger than that of a seal, and was furnished with two blowholes. From the back a number of filaments resembling in texture the substance called Indian sea-grass, hung down like a mane. On each side of the body were three large fins, shaped like paws, and jointed. Before measures could be taken for securing this rare animal for the inspection of naturalists, a violent tempest unfortunately occurred, and beat the carcass to pieces. Some fragments, however, have been collected by Mr. Malcolm Laing, and are to be deposited in the museum of the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Neill concluded with remarking *that no doubt could be entertained* that this was the kind of animal which had served as the prototype of all the wonderful sea-snakes, whose appearance is on record; and that although the unfortunate destruction of the specimen by the storm may probably render it impossible to form a correct generic character on Linnean principles, yet a place (if it should be an appendix) could no longer be refused to the *Serpens Marinus Magnus* of the Bishop of Bergen.

An Attempt to ascertain the time when the Potato (Solanum tuberosum) *was first introduced into the United Kingdom. By the Right Hon. Sir* Joseph Banks, *Bart. K. B. P R. S. &c.*

The notes on the introduction of the potato, which it is hoped will not be found uninteresting, were chiefly collected by my worthy and learned friend

Mr. Dryander, some of them from authorities not easily accessible. Could we trace the origin of any one of our cultivated plants, it may, and probably will, lead to the discovery of others.

The potato now is use (Solanum turberosum) was brought to England by the colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, under the authority of his patent, granted by Queen Elizabeth, "for discovering and planting new countries, not possessed by christians," which passed the great seal in 1584. Some of Sir Walter's ships sailed in the same year; others, on board one of which was Thomas Herriot, afterwards known as a mathematician, in 1585; the whole however returned, and probably brought with them the potato, on the 27th July, 1586.

This Mr. Thomas Herriot, who was probably sent out to examine the country, and report to his employers the nature and produce of its soil, wrote an account of it, which is printed in De Bry's collection of Voyages, Vol. I. In this account, under the article of roots, p. 17, he describes a plant called openawk: "These roots," says he, "are round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger: they grow in damp soil, many hanging together, as if fixed on ropes; they are good food, either boiled or roasted."

Gerard, in his Herbal, published 1597, gives a figure of the potato, under the name of potato of Virginia; and tells us that he received the roots from Virginia, otherwise called Norembega.

The manuscript minutes of the Royal Society, December 13, 1693, tell us, that Sir Robert Southwell then president, informed the fellows, at a meeting, that his grandfather brought potatoes into Ireland, who first had them from Sir Walter Raleigh.

This evidence proves, not unsatisfactorily, that the potato was first brought into England, either in the year 1586, or very soon after, and sent thence to Ireland, without delay by Sir Robert Southwell's ancestor, where it was cherished and cultivated for food before the good people of England knew its value; for Gerard, who had this plant in his garden in 1597, recommends the roots to be eaten as a delicate dish, not as common food.

It appears, however, that it first came into Europe, at an earlier period, and by a different channel; for Clusius, who at that time resided at Vienna, first received the potato in 1598, from the governor of Mons, in Hainault, who had procured it the year before from one of the attendants of the pope's legate, under the name of taratoufli; and learned from him, that in Italy, where it was then in use, no one certainly knew whether it originally came from Spain, or from America.

Peter Cieca, in his Chronicle, printed in 1553, tells us, chap. xl, p. 49, that the inhabitants of Quito, and its vicinity, have, beside maize, a tuberous root, which they eat, and call papas. This Clusius guesses to be the plant he received from Flanders; and this conjecture has been confirmed by the accounts of travellers, who have since that period visited the country.

From these details we may fairly infer, that potatoes were first brought into Europe from the mountainous parts of South America, in the neighbour-

hood of Quito; and, as the Spaniards were the sole possessors of that country, there is little doubt of their having been first carried into Spain, but as it would take some time to introduce them into use in that country, and afterward to make the Italians so well acquainted with them as to give them a name*, there is every reason to believe they had been several years in Europe, before they were sent to Clusius.

The name of the root, in South America, is papas, and in Virginia, it was called openawk; the name of potato was therefore evidently applied to it on account of its similarity in appearance to the battata, or sweet potato; and our potato appears to have been distinguished from that root, by the appellative of potato of Virginia, till the year 1640, if not longer †.

Some authors have asserted, that potatoes were first discovered by Sir Francis Drake, in the South Seas; and others, that they were introduced into England, by Sir John Hawkins; but in both instances the plant alluded to is clearly the sweet potato, which was used in England as a delicacy, long before the introduction of our potatoes; it was imported in considerable quantities from Spain, and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing comfits of Falstaff ‡, and other confections of similar imaginary qualities, with which our ancestors were duped, were principally made of these, and of eringo roots.

The potatoes themselves were sold by itinerant dealers, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, and purchased when scarce at no inconsiderable cost, by those who had faith in their alleged properties. The allusions to this opinion are very frequent in the plays of that age.

THE NATURALIST No. III.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE inhabitants of the United States, like the joint heirs of an immense, undescribed property, are not yet acquainted with half the value of their inheritance; the incalculable riches of their country. Its mineral treasures are but little known; its botanical ones are far from

* Taratoufli signifies also truffles.

† Gerard's Herbal, by Johnson, p. 729.

‡ "Let it rain potatoes, and hail kissing comfits." Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v, Scene 5.

Parkinson's Paradisus Terrestris, p. 518. Gerard's Herbal, 1697, p. 780.

being fully explored. Vegetable productions of equal, perhaps superior value with that of the celebrated cotton or tobaco plants, may yet lurk in the obscure recesses of our forests, or even of our fields, waiting only the kindly hand of the cultivator, and the aid of the ingenious and enterprising manufacturer, to usher them into notice and general usefulness. Considering it the duty of every citizen, at all times, more particularly at the present extraordinary crisis, to contribute his mite to promote our national independence, I shall make no apology for introducing, in this place, some account of a plant which grows in great abundance in many parts of the country, as well as in the neighbourhood of this city; and of pointing out some of the useful purposes to which it may be applied.

Those who amuse themselves with a ramble, or promenade, along the charming banks of the Schuylkill and Delaware, may have observed a plant, rising in a single stem to the height of three or four feet, whose smooth oval leaves, when broken, exude a white milky juice in considerable quantities; it bears bunches of blossoms of a dingy purple colour, which are succeeded by pods, containing numerous seeds, and a white glistening silky substance usually called wild cotton, or Virginia silk. This plant belongs to a genus called by botanists *Asclepias*, from *Æsculapius* the god of medicine; and is the *Asclepias syriaca* of Linnæus, or Syrian Swallow-Wort. The root is perennial, and will last from ten to twenty years. In the month of April it throws out, like asparagus and hops, a great number of shoots; the principal stem is about as thick as a man's finger, straight, round, and smooth, and beset with oval leaves of considerable size, covered on the upper side with dark green, and on the lower side with whitish down. The plant begins to flower about the beginning of June, and continues till the beginning of August; there are often from twelve to sixteen flowers on one stem, each of which forms a bunch, containing from thirty to forty single flowers. Each single flower adheres to the bunch by a long thin stalk, and has a sweetish odour. Each bunch of flowers is succeeded by three, four, and sometimes ten long, and rough pods, which inclose several round, yellowish-brown, flat, and thin seeds, wrapped up in a beautiful white shining kind of silk. The seeds are winged, a form which nature has given with great variety to many others, in order that they may conveyed with more ease, and to a greater distance, by the wind.

The silk, which covers the seeds in the pods, is the principal part of use. The pods gradually acquire maturity from August to the beginning of October; during which period those who cultivate the plant must watch with great care for the period of their bursting, in order to collect the silk, lest it should be carried away by the wind, or spoil-

ed by the rain. The pods, when collected, should be spread out on a net, or rack, to the height of about a foot, in an airy place, to dry.

The silk, which is of a shining white colour, from an inch to an inch and a half in length, and exceedingly elastic, is then taken out, and being freed from the seeds, is then hung up in thin bags in the sun, that it may become perfectly dry; and at the same time it is often softened with the hand, or by being beat. This vegetable silk may now be used, without any farther preparation, instead of feathers and horse hair, for beads, cushions, coverlets to beds, bolsters and mattresses. From eight to nine pounds of it, which occupy the space of from five to six cubic feet, will be sufficient for a bed, coverlet, and two pillows; such beds, therefore, are exceedingly convenient for travelling. It is not advisable, however, to use the silk in common for beds, instead of feathers, as it is too soft and warm. It requires a little preparation for quilts and counterpanes, and is lighter and warmer than those of common silk. For spinning, however, notwithstanding its fineness, which approaches near to that of common silk, it is not fit, when taken alone, as it is almost too short, and, therefore, must be used with an addition of flax, wool, or common silk; but particularly of cotton. One third of this silk, with two thirds of cotton, forms a very good mixture for gloves, stockings, and caps. Other mixtures may be used for different kinds of stuffs; but it has been observed, that the cloth is much stronger when the vegetable silk is employed for the woof, rather than for the warp. Many colours have been applied to such cloth with great success; but as each substance requires a peculiar mode of treatment, more experiments on this subject are necessary; a mixture of one third vegetable silk, and two thirds of rabbits' down, forms hats exceedingly light and soft to the touch; which have a great resemblance to beaver hats, and are much cheaper.

As soon as the pods have been collected, the stems which contain a fibrous part capable of being spun, must be cut before they become dry, or suffer from the night frost. They must then be immersed for some days, in water, like flax or hemp, and then dried, by being spread out on the grass. Care, however, must be taken by experiments, to ascertain the proper length of time, as too much, or too little, would be prejudicial. In the last case, the flaxy part is brittle; and in the former, it loses its strength. After it has been watered it is beaten and heckled. A mixture of the threads spun from the flax of these stems with the vegetable silk and cotton, produces a kind of cloth very proper for furniture. It has been, however, employed chiefly, with and without an addition of rags, for making all kinds of writing and packing papers, which sometimes is similar to the Chinese paper, and sometimes exceeds in strength the usual paper made from rags.

Both the inner white skin, and the external green husk of the capsules, which contain the seeds, might be employed for manufacturing the finer sorts of this silk paper; and, that as little as possible of this plant should remain useless, Nature has provided in the sweet juice of its flowers, excellent nourishment for bees. According to a late German writer, this plant, in the above respect, the lime tree excepted, is superior to all other vegetable productions.

The great utility of this plant has been known in Europe little more than forty years. A manufactory of articles from it has been established at Paris since 1760; and it has long been employed at Lausanne with advantage for making candle-wick; but no one has shown more zeal in regard to the cultivation and preparation of this article than Mr. Schneider of Leignitz, who has recommended it in two different pamphlets. In regard of the application of it to paper-making, Mr. Schmid of Lunenburg has made a variety of experiments, and it is much to be wished that others would imitate his example.

This plant is propagated two ways, either by the seed, or by slips. In the month of March, after the land has been well dug, the seeds are sown thin, and singly, in furrows of the depth of an inch, and covered with earth, which is thrown over them to the depth of half an inch; they are secured also from the night frost by moss, or a little light dung. In from four to six weeks the young plants begin to appear. The first year they produce flowers; but do not come to full maturity till the third. In the third year they are transplanted. But this method is more laborious and ought not to be recommended, but in particular cases; such as when the roots have degenerated, or when they are transplanted to different climates. The object will be sooner accomplished by slips from the roots. As the plant throws out around it long roots with new eyes, these must be lopped off from the stock, either in Autumn, when the milky juice in the plant has dried up, or in the Spring, before it again flows; and are to be cut into pieces of from four to six inches in length; but care must be taken that they have a sufficient number of eyes. A fresh incision must be made in the root before and behind, and they are then to be planted in the ground to the depth of four or five inches, in an oblique position, with the eyes, or buds, upright. Those planted in Autumn will produce seeds the next Summer; and those planted in Spring will bear the second Summer.

The ground, before it is planted, must be dug up to a good depth, and well dunged. It must also be well weeded, and kept exceedingly clean. After the crop has been collected, the stems must be cut close to the ground, and the plants which have died, must be replaced by young ones. Towards Winter they must be covered with

a little dung, which ought to be spread in the Spring. A sufficient space, also, must be left between the plants. They ought to be planted in rows, and at the distance of one foot and a half, or rather two feet, from each other. Of the stems that shoot up, only the best (perhaps about one half) should be left standing, the rest, as soon as the flowers appear, should be cut and placed in sand or earth, to dry up the milky juice that flows from them. Even of the prime plants it will be proper to suffer only four or five of the lowest branches of flowers to come to maturity. By following these cautions the silk obtained will be of superior quality. The increase is very great. In the year 1785 Mr. Schneider began with six plants; and in 1793 had a plantation which contained 30,000. The first crop produced 8, the second 355, and the third 600 pounds of silk. If the leaves, after the crop has been collected, be thrown together in heaps to rot, they form an excellent manure for future use. In regard to the preparation of silk, little need be said. It may easily be conceived, that it will be of advantage to separate that which is long from the shorter part, in order that the former may be employed in spinning. The shorter kinds may be used for beds, and for hat making.

The experiments that have been already made with this plant gave the following results:

From the interior white rind of the capsule, mixed with one third of rags, a writing paper was obtained pretty white, of a good quality; and similar to the silk paper of the Chinese.

From the external part of the capsules a greenish coloured paper; which, when sized, was stronger than paper made of rags: it was almost as close in its texture as parchment; and even when unsized did not suffer the ink to penetrate through it. This kind was exceedingly proper for wrapping paper.

From the stems, a paper was obtained so like in every thing to paper made of rags, that the difference could scarcely be distinguished.

Such are some of the qualities of this excellent plant. As the present month is the proper season for collecting it, and as sufficient quantities of it for *fair experiment*, can easily be procured for the bare expense of gathering it; why may not this be done in the different manufactures of cloth, hat, and paper making? If unsuccessful, the experiments would be little loss. If, on the contrary, they were crowned with success, as there is every reason for believing, the gain, in a national point of view, would be of great importance. W.

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. VI.——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE writers of periodical essays frequently confess themselves very much at a loss for a subject. This is a little surprising to those who consider the essential and unlimited variety of human thought, and even those who prescribe to themselves a task of this kind, while they are often sensible of this difficulty, cannot but wonder that it should ever prove to be such. Even when they narrow their view, from the consideration of subjects in general, to that of subjects proper for them to discuss, the variety is still inexhaustible.

To a hasty view, indeed, it appears far otherwise, and to some it would seem impossible to write five hundred distinct essays on popular subjects. This impossibility exists not to those who think more deeply, and any one may be convinced that it is not impossible by reading the Spectator, in which variety is certainly sufficiently sustained, though it consists of more than six hundred essays.

Among these, a score or two might, perhaps, be selected, in which the writer is mightily puzzled for a theme, and, to fill up the due number of pages, is compelled to resort to very awkward shifts. Sometimes he ekes out his paper by a trite and prolix quotation from some well known poet; sometimes he inserts the fragment of a sermon; and sometimes a scrap from some popular writer of history or metaphysics: and winds up all by saying, in plain terms, that the quotation was made to fill up a blank, and that, having now drawn out his essay to the due length, he will lay down the pen.

Such meagre effusions, however, compose a very small part of that noted work, and prove, not that the arsenal is empty, but that he, appointed to the search, is struck with a temporary blindness. He has been taken, perhaps unaware: his mind is ruffled by some domestic incident. His head is disturbed by his last night's supper, or he is placed at a distance from books; perhaps the topic he had previously intended for this paper eludes his recollection at present, and since he cannot find what he wants, he stumbles on in some degree at hazard, and seizes without choice, or deliberation what first comes to hand.

In all these emergencies, there is one resource, which some people, especially in writing letters, employ with great dexterity. Instead of turning their eyes inward, they look around them, and begin with describing their actual situation at the moment of writing. There is no scene too trite or too humble for description. The merit of the painting, whether the pen or the pencil be the implement, seems to rest wholly on the artist. Where his ingenuity is great, the praise and admiration is greater, as the scene is more trite or more familiar. A

part of this effect, arises perhaps from the novelty, not of the scene itself, but of the written description of such a scene. Our eyes may be daily conversant with the object, but we never, before, saw it in a book. It has occurred numberless times to the memory, but has never been portrayed in words, and the portrait may thus be qualified to captivate merely from its novelty.

Nothing can be more common or more vile than a pigsty embosomed in a grove of nettles, facing a duck-pond, bridged over by an old board plashing as you step along it. I should assuredly turn my eyes away from such a scene, should it present itself in all the vividness of nature: Yet, I remember, I was very much pleased with a landscape of this kind in a celebrated poet.

Every boy is familiar with the odd effect which an evening sun produces on his shadow as he walks opposite an upright surface; the monstrous size, the uncouth proportions, and the whimsical changes which take place, as the surface changes from vertical to horizontal, engages the wondering attention of every child, but the man has seen it so often that he is weary of wondering. It solicits his eye in vain. And yet, I remember, the description of this very incongruity forms an exquisite passage in the Task of Cowper.

There is nothing in popular stories, which is commonly read with more interest, than the adventures which the hero meets with in a stage-coach, though this is but a dull scene in real life, and one which we rather labour to avoid or are impatient to terminate, than hasten to enjoy. A German fabulist has given interest and novelty to the sound of a coffee-mill; though I, for my part, have heard it, twice a day, for years together. Campbell in his last poem, mentions, as circumstances of desolation in a cottage whose tenants had been murdered by savages:—

> The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
> *Unheard their clock repeats its hours;*
> Cold is the hearth within their bowers.

Why am I affected most by the unheard tolling of the clock? For many years I have scarcely passed an hour without hearing a clock that stands upon the first landing on my stair-case. For that very reason, perhaps, I am pleased with the image in the poem; and I am much less struck with the uncropped flowers and the cold hearth, because they occur less frequently.

Doubtless however, much depends on the talents of the painter or describer. Common objects he frequently groupes in an uncommon manner. Though he pictures an ordinary scene, he selects and holds forth those lineaments and features which the eye or ear is apt to over-

look. It is like viewing the morning star through a telescope, by which we are enabled to see, what we never saw before, as often and as intensely as we have gazed at it. The world that we look at through the poet's optics is so much our world that we recognize it easily again, but is still in many respects a world different from ours. We have often heard *the minute drops from off the eves*, after a shower, and frequently seen a rustic girl busy in piling *the tanned hay-cock in the meadow*, but those objects seen through Milton's eyes, have a grace, and novelty, which the parting shower and the hay-field never perhaps possessed in the eyes of the actual observer.

But let me return from this digression, if it be one, and resume the difficulties of people who must write, when they have nothing to say. From these difficulties a scribbler is entirely exempt, because he is not studious either of method, consistency, or instructiveness in what he writes. He strips not the feather from his quill, but suffers it to move lawless, and volatile along. The ready instrument of every thought that is not too quick for its agile movements, it covers pages, while the plodding votaries of good sense are scarcely able to finish lines. But rare and happy is that scribbler whose most hasty effusions are marked by novelty and elegance: in whose wildest rhapsodies there exists a latent order, which indicates a mind so habitually clear in its conceptions, so thoroughly disciplined in writing that it cannot, in its most heedless moments, be forgetful of propriety, and cannot blunder though it labours to avoid correctness.

CORRESPONDENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOUR correspondent Inquirer, in the last number of The Port Folio, speaking of Brydone's Tour through Sicily and Malta, says he has "heard it confidently asserted by a literary character, that it is an absolute fabrication." This assertion is totally without foundation. Patrick Brydone, Esq. of Lennel House, in Berwickshire, is well known to be the author of the work alluded to; and that he visited the countries he describes there can be no doubt. Mr. B. was accompanied in

his tour by his ward, colonel Fullarton,* who is frequently mentioned under the initial letter of his name.

I believe Mr. Brydone is still alive. The poet Burns, in his tour through the southern part of Scotland, in the summer of 1787, visited him at Lennel House, carrying a letter from Mr. Henry M'Kenzie, the celebrated author of The Man of Feeling, &c. but his biographer has given us no particulars respecting his visit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

July 27, 1809. P. R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NEW-YORK, August 1809.

DEAR SIR,

I can certainly have no objection to the use you propose to make of the anecdotes you refer to if you can think them of sufficient importance to merit public notice: you have stated them in substance, but have not in all respects retained the *manner* or *point* with which they were originally expressed by Dr. Beattie. In my first interview with him in the spring of 1793, after receiving me with great hospitality, for which he was always distinguished, but for which I was also indebted to the friendship of Dr. Gregory,† by whom I was introduced

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* This gentleman forms one of the groupe seen on the mantle of Coila, in Burns's poem of The Vision.

> Brydone's brave ward, I well could spy
> Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
> Who called on Fame low standing by,
> To hand him on,
> Where many a patriot name on high
> And hero shone.
>
> *The Vision, Duan I.*

† The present professor of the theory and practice of physic in the University of Edinburgh.

to his acquaintance, he spoke of Scotland and the prejudices which Dr. Johnson's character of it was calculated to excite.

In reply to a remark I made upon the illiberality and incorrectness of the Tour to the Hebrides, Dr. Beattie observed, "Sir, Dr. Johnson travelled through this country both deaf and blind." He then made some remarks on the government of the United States and the administration of Gen. Washington, observing, that "he entertained so exalted an opinion of his talents and virtues; such was the veneration he felt for that distinguished character, that excepting to cross the Atlantic he would go to the world's end for the pleasure of an interview with him."

The day following, such was the pleasure he experienced in giving pleasure to others, he requested me to accompany him in his favourite walk to the sea coast on the East side of Aberdeen. There, among other objects of his notice, he directed my attention to some very uncommon vitrifications, and to a plant, the "*arundo arenaria*" of Linneus, which grows spontaneously on the sea shores of Great Britain, and which by its jointed and creeping root retains its situation, and thereby prevents the sands from being washed away, and by the same wonderful provision any further inroads of the sea are prevented.

In his Minstrel you perceive he has inconsciously drawn his own character:

> "Meanwhile whate'er of beautiful or new
> Sublime, or dreadful in earth, sea, or sky,
> By chance or search was offer'd to his view
> He scanned with curious and romantic eye."

On our return, speaking of Mareschal College and of his duties there as the Professor of Moral Philosophy, be remarked that his labours had become irksome, and the more so as they were now in some degree new to him; for he had had an interval of ease in which he had been relieved by the assistance of his son who was then no more. Although about two years had elapsed since the death of young Beattie, I perceived this to be a theme very near his heart, and though painful yet grateful to his feelings; for he seemed unwilling to change the subject. Thus with all the acquirements of the head he still retained the more delightful qualities of the heart. In the language of his Hermit,

> "He thought like a sage while he felt as a man."

I am dear sir, yours sincerely,

DAVID HOSACK.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GEOGRAPHY.

PERHAPS there is no science, which blends more intimately the pleasing with the useful, than that which makes us acquainted with the figure and the laws of motion of the globe, which we inhabit; together with the relative position, and natural and artificial boundaries of the continents, countries, islands, seas, rivers, mountains, &c. with which its surface is diversified. It is a study, which at once amuses the imagination, exercises the memory, and strengthens the judgment; and is of primary importance in the education of youth, before the latter faculty is so far unfolded as to render the pupil competent to more severe studies.

Mr. Locke, in his treatise entitled, "Some thoughts concerning Education," observes "Geography, I think, should be begun with; for the learning of the figure of the globe, the situation and boundaries of the four parts of the world, and those of particular kingdoms and countries being only an exercise of the eyes and memory, a child with pleasure will learn and retain them; and this is so certain, that I now live in the house with a child, whom his mother has so well instructed in this way, in geography, that he knew the limits of the four parts of the world, could readily point, being asked, to any country on the globe, or any county in the map of England, knew all the rivers, promontaries, straits, and bays in the world, and could find the longitude and latitude of any place before he was six years old. These things that he will thus learn by sight, and have by rote, are not all, I confess, that he is to learn upon the globes. But yet they are a good step and preparation for it, and will make the remainder much easier, when his judgment has grown ripe enough for it; besides that it gets so much time now, and by the pleasure of knowing things, leads him insensibly to the gaining of languages."

This science is not only of importance to be taught to children, but adults will derive great advantages from its cultivation. Scarce a page in history can be read, and its import understood without the assistance of maps. They are indispensably necessary in order to enable us to comprehend the causes and calculate on the consequences of the wonderful events, which are now developing on the grand theatre of Europe. Editors of newspapers, and of other political and scientific periodical publications, whose duty it is to convey to the American public correct information on the abovementioned subjects will find themselves lost in a wilderness of conjecture without the assistance of accurate maps, to be referred to whenever they hazard an opinion upon arti-

cles of important intelligence. Without a competent knowledge of the topography of the kingdoms, and republics, which have come within the vortex of the powers, which have convulsed the eastern hemisphere, and shaken the civilized world to its centre, the best written accounts of the efforts of the contending nations will be involved in obscurity, and afford the reader but little instruction.

Of such consequence was this science esteemed by the literati and politicians of France, that soon after the revolution they founded topographical schools, in which the knowledge of geography was carried to a pitch of almost incredible accuracy. Aided by the labours and intelligence of the pupils of these schools, the French are enabled to explore every part of the habitable globe for the purpose of business, pleasure or conquest, without the necessity of recurring to guides, or the casual and precarious information, which may be gleaned from the inhabitants of the countries they visit. It is hoped that Americans will not suffer themselves to be surpassed by any nation in a science of such utility and importance.

Impressed with these sentiments, we are happy in announcing to the public that Messrs. Kimber and Conrad, and Johnson and Warner have now in the hands of the best engravers in this city, Arrowsmith's Maps of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. These will be executed in a style equal to the London engravings, and on the same scale, and it is believed that the prices will be considerably lower than they can be imported for. They have likewise engaged to have made under their directions, Geographical Globes. First, those of twelve inches diameter, and afterwards the other sizes as the scales may require.

THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

SOME men love to speak in parables, and some men dearly love to listen to them. The Lacedemonian, the Englishman, the Spaniard, the Chinese, all have indulged occasionally in the pithy style. Americans are not without this passion, and while many of Dr. Franklin's experiments and neat imitations of ADDISON are nearly forgotten, most of his *old saws* are still remembered. One leading argument in favour of *your* apothegm is, that it is short, epigrammatical, and

easily remembered. We will, therefore, occasionally, string together Proverbs, terse remarks, and wise sayings, which, though they may not possess the poignancy of Solomon, may have something like a smack of Sancho Panza! A shrewd Physician in England, who appears to be a very successful prescriber for moral maladies, has furnished us with the following *Formula*, which he very aptly calls *concentrated* wisdom. EDITOR.

Leave your purse and watch at home, when you go to the Playhouse, or an auction room.

Early rising will add many years to your life.

Dine *late;* it makes the day longer, and saves a supper.

Take your Tradesman's receipt, though you pay ready money.

Never pay a Tradesman's bill till you have cast it up.

Paint the steps of your door and staircase, a *stone* colour: it will save scouring and soap.

Much may be done in a short time: your barber bestows 150 strokes daily on your beard.

Pay all your bills at Christmas.

Be not a collector of books without determining to read them.

If you mean to buy a house, which you intend to alter and improve, be sure to double the Tradesman's estimate.

When you take a journey in winter, put on two shirts; you will find them much warmer than an additional waistcoat.

A little spittle takes out grease spots from woolen cloth.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and Poverty soon overtakes her.

It is a merciless act to confine in a jail an unfortunate and industrious man. Ask yourself if it be not revenge?

Whatever your miseries may be, there are others more miserable than yourself.

Never write a letter when in a passion.

If you keep a drunken servant, insure your house against fire, and yourself against the censures of your neighbours.

Allow a man to have wit, and he will allow you to have judgment.

When Religion is made a science there is nothing more intricate; when made a duty there is nothing more easy.

Do not brave the opinion of the world. You may as well say that you care not for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle.

In the morning, think on what you are to do in the day, and at night think on what you have done.

If you incline to corpulency, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

If you have lost your love, and think that there is not such another in the world, consider that there is as good fish in the sea as ever was taken out of it.

To brood over a misfortune is the way to make it longer.

A reserved temper checks conviviality, and if you cannot laugh, you had better stay at home.

A real gentleman or lady is known at first sight.

A civil man, with Dr. Johnson's learning, would make an envied bookseller.

A modern fine Lady in winter lives all the morning in Lapland, and spends her evenings on the banks of the Ganges.

If you be an author, keep a lamp and a slate and pencil by your bedside to note a good thought, that it may not fly away before you rise.

Whatever your situation in life may be, lay down your plan of conduct for the day. The half hours will then glide smoothly on, without crossing or jostling each other.

We are all indebted for much of our consequence to the tailor, the shoemaker, the hosier, the jeweller, the milliner, the mantua maker, and the hair dresser.

Unless your pretensions be very good, avoid being the principal speaker in a large company.

Envy is like a sore eye that cannot bear a bright object.

Anger may continue with you for an hour, but it ought not to remain with you for a night.

He who accustoms himself to buy superfluities, may ere long be obliged to sell his necessaries.

He who is always his own counseller will often have a fool for his client.

He who goes to bed in anger has the devil for his bed-fellow.

The same thing has often two different names.

A successful insurrection is called a revolution; an unsuccessful one is named a rebellion.

A quack robs with one hand and kills with the other.

If a young woman is worth having for a wife, some man that is worth having for a husband will find her out.

It is a proof of good breeding to be able to converse well.

The anatomical examination of the eye is a certain cure for atheism.

If you have a good law cause refer it; if a bad one, try it.

A man who is officious to serve you at first sight, should be regarded with caution.

Reading in bed is a strange mixture of indolence and activity.

A beau is like a cinnamon tree, whose bark is of more value than the trunk.

A mild tempered woman is the balsam that heals all human sorrows; but a perverse woman is a perpetual blister.

If you mean to be happy when old, be temperate when you are young.

If your wife be a sensible woman, make her your private secretary.

Try to be regular, and it will soon become a second nature.

Choose a wife as you choose a knife. Look to her *temper*.

There is something bewitching in hair-powder; it always makes a man look like a gentleman.

Keep company with learned men, and you will have less occasion for much reading.

Marrying a man you dislike, in hopes of loving him afterwards, is like going to sea in a storm in hopes of fair weather.

When you mean to write a book, first exhaust your own genius, then see what others have said on the subject.

If you drive a pair of horses, do not envy the man who drives six. He lives at six times the expense you do, and has six times the number of plagues that you have.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DURING the present year, the first three numbers of "*The American Law Journal, and Miscellaneous Repertory*," have appeared. The plan of this work is, in some degree, adopted from a Law Journal which has been published for some time past in London. The chief objects of the editor, as far as they have been developed in the progress of his labours, appear to be, to collect a variety of information respecting the general laws which have been passed, and the decisions which have been made in the different states. To the trader, whose mercantile transactions extend to most of the states, and who is to be governed by different rules of action, from those with which he is familiar; and to the lawyer, who is consulted on them, it should seem, that such a Repertory as the present, is a collection which deserves encouragement. The laws of the different states, but more particularly of the commercial states, ought to form a part of the library of every professional gentleman, whose business is extensive. But it is exceedingly difficult to procure them, the volumes are expensive, and they are crammed with petty acts for restraining swine from running at large, or some such laws, which are only important within the particular district where they are intended to have effect. But selecting from this mass of tedious prolixity, brief digests of those acts which are interesting to every one, either as articles of liberal curiosity, or of useful information, the editor, to adopt the language of his prospectus, may "produce a work, which will comprise the rudiments of a complete system of American jurisdiction."

In addition to articles of this description, others of a lighter nature are occasionally introduced, which the general reader need not shun

with indifference. In the department of Biography, a subject which is at all times pleasing, we may expect to find "the wonders of their age," who have adorned the seat of justice, the

> —— lean attorney, that his cheese
> Ne'er par'd, nor verses took for fees,

or the statesman, who "directs the storm" of empires.

We understand that it is intended to annex to each volume, an appendix, containing the most important public documents, which may be published during the year. This, if executed with industry, and a scrupulous regard to impartiality, will be an important addition, which will stamp the work with permanent value.

The known industry and talents of Mr. Hall, cannot fail to render his Journal a valuable acquisition to the best libraries. The works of men of genius are so few in this country, that those we have ought not to suffer for the want of patronage. We beg leave warmly to recommend *The Miscellaneous Repertory*, to the perusal of all classes of citizens. Its collections are well adapted to every palate, as imparting both amusement and instruction.

Messrs. C. & A. CONRAD & Co. booksellers, of this city, have published An Abridgment of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix containing Exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation, designed for the younger class of learners, by Lindley Murray. From the *eighteenth* edition, corrected by the author. With Additions and Elucidations by James Abercrombie, D. D. Director of the Philadelphia Academy. Printed for the use of that Institution. The *second* edition improved.

Independently of the bias of our friendship for the Editor of this new American edition, we are deliberately of opinion that he has made useful *additions* to the work, and that Mr. Murray himself will be by no means dissatisfied with the conduct of Dr. Abercrombie in this behalf. Indeed it is ascertained that the celebrated Grammarian is decidedly and avowedly grateful for the zeal which the friends of Science on this side of the Atlantic have displayed to augment the value and popularity of his writings.

The introduction of this edition into the schools of America will facilitate the progress of the pupil, abridge the toil of the preceptor, and add to the reputation which Dr. A. has so honourably acquired by his persevering efforts to instruct the rising generation.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CHARACTER OF POLONIUS VINDICATED.

"Follow that Lord, and, look YOU MOCK HIM NOT.
Hamlet.

BISHOP WARBURTON, with all that rashness of expression, so common in the writings of a prelate, whose dogmatism sometimes sturdily supports sophistry, as well as nobly defends the powers of reason and truth, talks somewhere of the *foolish Polonius*. As we have a totally different impression of the character of this nobleman, and as he is generally degraded into a zany on all the theatres, we have ever frequented, we are solicitous, this evening, to vindicate the meaning of SHAKSPEARE, and to rescue an injured courtier from the blunders of the closet, and from the buffoonery of the stage.

Hamlet, in his valedictory civilities to the company of players, prior to their representation of the murder of Gonzago, says to one of them,

Follow that Lord, and, look you *mock him not.*

This line, which we have adopted for our motto, contains excellent advice, and we wish the commentators and the comedians had followed it scrupulously. They would then have never defaced the pages of a matchless poet, nor defamed the character of an accomplished statesman. They would never have described him as a weak, or personated him as a pedantic courtier. We could easily forgive such *underlings* as Rymer and Dennis for the grossest misapprehension, and the utter destitution of taste; but that the Colossal Warburton should tread so loosely on the firm ground of Shakspeare, is a problem in the history of the human mind.

In the second scene of Hamlet, Laertes, *a very noble youth*, is represented as standing in the hall of state in the guise of a petitioner. The ingenuousness of his countenance, the dignity of his deportment, the gracefulness of his manners or the validity of his pretensions make such an impression upon the *Majesty of Denmark* that he addresses the juvenile courtier in the most gracious tones of courteous complacency;

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And loose your voice. What *wouldst thou beg*, Laertes,
That shalt not be my offer, not thy asking?

> The HEAD IS NOT MORE NATIVE TO THE HEART,
> The HAND MORE INSTRUMENTAL TO THE MOUTH,
> THAN IS THE THRONE OF DENMARK TO THY FATHER.

In this memorable passage, in the *very first* allusion to his *Lord Chamberlain*, the king, after premising to Laertes that he could prefer no reasonable request to his Prince, but what would meet with the most cheerful compliance, nay, that even the *wishes* of Laertes should be anticipated, adds, in three of the most forcible lines to be found in any poet, a most vivid description of a decided partiality for his parent. Now, can it for an instant be imagined by any brain of firmer texture than that of a piddling commentator, or a skipping scaramouch of the stage, that the King of Denmark, who appears to be by no means deficient in talents, or in the discernment of character, should lavish such encomium and repose such confidence on *Polonius* a *fool*, a *dotard* and a *mountebank?* On the contrary, in the triple character of a sage, a scholar, and a statesman, he so justly merits all the respect and attachment of his master that their alliance is expressed by the strongest similitudes, that can be supplied by the imagination of man.

Laertes now apprises his sovereign that after having paid him his respects during the ceremonial of the coronation, he is solicitous to return to France, where, as appears from the context, he is acquiring a knowledge of the polite and fashionable exercises. The king here makes a very pointed interrogatory,

> Have you *your father's leave?* What says *Polonius?*

Now this very pregnant line may be paraphrased very advantageously for our argument. It imports you little, Laertes, that your own merit and my kindness afford you the amplest passport for foreign travel; unless that wise and good man, your experienced and prudent father, give *his* sanction to your tour, you may not, you must not, you shall not go.

Polonius himself is now introduced to our fixed attention, and he is introduced with all the poet's art in the character of a cool, sagacious and deliberate sire, as loving a darling son much, but loving prudence and discretion more.

> He hath, my lord, *wrung* from me my *slow leave*
> By laboursome petition, and, at last,
> Upon his will I sealed my *hard* consent, &c.

As if the *Lord Chamberlain* had said: I have consented, in consequence of the eager desire of Laertes to finish his education, to permit him to leave the kingdom, but I am fully sensible of all the perils, to which he is exposed in a dissipated metropolis, and it cost me many a painful struggle, before his arguments could vanquish my anxiety.

In the next scene, Laertes appears making preparations for his voyage, which are for a moment, delayed, by his parting exhortation to a beloved sister to beware of the perils of Love, and the machinations of man. Polonius now enters and taunts his son for his seeming sluggishness in lingering ashore, while the *favouring gale* and the clamorous crew are equally loud in calling him to the ship.

> Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame,
> The wind sets in the shoulder of your sail,
> And you are staid for.

Then with all the benignity and affection of a parent, he lays his hand on the head of Laertes, and gives him his benediction;

> There my blessing with you
> And these few precepts in thy memory
> Look thou charàcter. Give *thy thoughts no tongue,*
> Nor *any unproportioned thought his act.*
> Be thou *familiar,* but *by no means vulgar.*
> THE FRIENDS THOU HAST, AND THEIR ADOPTION TRY'D,
> GRAPPLE THEM TO THY HEART WITH HOOKS OF STEEL;
> But do not *dull thy palm* with entertainment
> Of each *new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware*
> Of *entrance to a quarrel;* but, *being in,*
> *Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.*
> Give every man *thine ear,* but *few thy voice:*
> Take each *man's censure,* but *reserve thy judgment.*
> *Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,*
> But not *express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:*
> For the *apparel oft proclaims the man.*
> Neither *a borrower, nor a lender be:*
> For loan oft *loses both itself and friend;*
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
> This above all,—To *thine ownself be true;*
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

The writer of this article cannot be suspected of making any indecent comparisons, or of impugning the wisdom and elegance of the Bible, but, we know not whether this passage is exceeded by any chapter in

the Proverbs of Solomon, or the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach. The monitions of Polonius are of more sterling weight and lustre, than the *Golden* verses of Pythagoras, and are surpassed only by the Sermon on the Mount.

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During the debates in the House of Commons in the year 1770, BURKE observed of the famous forty-fifth number of the North Briton, written by the patriot Wilkes, that it was a spiritless though a virulent performance, a mere mixture of vinegar and water, at once sour and vapid. The expression of this sentiment is perhaps not more happy than the correctness of the criticism. It is amazing that any of Wilkes' writings should ever have been popular, in the best sense of the word. They are certainly, for the most part, tame and inelegant productions. This is the more wonderful, when we reflect that Mr. Wilkes was confessedly a man of wit and genius, an elegant classical scholar, and very advantageously distinguished for the fluency and felicity of his colloquial powers. In this respect, he seems to have some resemblance to Charles Fox, who certainly could *talk* well, though, in our opinion, he was never very famous for writing well. In the hands of John Wilkes and Charles Fox, the *pen* appears to move sullenly over the page. But theirs was the voluble *tongue* to declaim and to delight. One spoke in the Senate, and men thought Demosthenes was resuscitated from the dead; another talked with his jovial friends, and it seemed they were listening to Aristippus, to Alcibiades, or to Petronius Arbiter. But when Wilkes and Fox retired to their closets they produced nothing but the awkward memorials of their own imbecility.

—

IN the Plays of Shakspeare, in almost every instance, where the poet's genius and peculiar powers of invention lead him to the use of what the *vulgar* call *strange and out of the way expressions*, those ingenious and pains taking gentlemen, the commentators, with all the sapience of the wise men of Gotham, are continually favouring us with their dainty emendations. In compliance with this precious custom, in the initial scene of Othello, we find a host of these note makers and paragraph weavers holding up their smouldering and smoky flambeaus to illuminate a passage which is as clear as the sun. The supplanted Iago is describing contemptuously the effeminate person and indolent habits of the handsome and hated Cassio. After sneering at him as a scholar, an orator, and a Florentine, we are told that he is

A fellow, almost damned in a *fair wife*.

Even the sagacious Johnson most unaccountably appears to be baffled on this occasion; and, in a tone of despondency, tells us that this is one of the passages, which must for the present be resigned to corruption and obscurity; and that he has nothing that he can, with any approach to confidence, propose. The Oxford Editor, Sir Thomas Hanmer, in his wonted dashing and cut and thrust way, proposes to read, almost damned in a *fair phiz*, an interpolation of so impudent and audacious a character, that the commentator ought to be *almost damned* for his presumption in thus mangling the Tragedy. Another *pestilent knave* assures us that the line ought to run thus, a fellow almost damned in *a fair life;* and then, after *suitable reflections* upon the *inconveniences* of an *unsullied reputation*, he gravely quotes, as from some Bible, that memorable passage,

Cursed is he of whom all *men speak well.*

As at this epoch in the story of the play, Cassio is not suspected, either by Roderigo or Othello, of being in love with *another man's wife*, and as it is equally clear that he has no wife of his own, his attachment to Bianca, a common courtezan, being altogether of a different character, it is not, we must confess, *passing strange* that the beetle headed commentators should flounder a little in the ocean of absurdity. But that JOHNSON should be embarrassed by our author's original manner of expressing himself is wonderful, when we reflect that the Doctor was pretty constantly in the habit of tracing the remote allusions of Shakspeare and faithfully translating his obscurer idiom into all the plainness of modern speech.

We are convinced that Shakspeare gave the line as it stands, as much as if we had been at his desk, when it was written. There is no room for any alteration; nor can we discern any doubt, or any obscurity. The phrase is picturesque, characteristical, and *germane to the matter*. It is purely Shakspearean. A vindictive soldier, irritated and injured, at once calumnious, suspicious, and malignant, is engaged in portraying, in lampblack colours, the exaggerated features of a fortunate rival. So slender are his claims, to military preferment, says Iago, that his knowledge of the art of war is confined merely to a *closet* acquaintance of tactics. He has read much and can talk plausibly, but is neither endowed with the gallantry of a soldier, nor skilled in any of the results of experience. Moreover, from the beauty of his person, the volubility of his tongue, and the speciousness of his manners, he is qualified to shine at toilets, to dazzle the fancy and to entrap the affections of some credulous female, and to be *effectually ruined by some matrimonial engagement*, which will more completely than ever disqualify him for that martial eminence to which, by the partiality and injustice of O-

thello, he has been thus causelessly advanced to my prejudice and his own disgrace. He will soon be *damned in a fair wife;* and in consequence of that enchanting power, which a beautiful bride exercises over a doting husband he will incontinently prefer the couch to the camp; and instead of mounting fiery barbs

> To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
> He capers nimbly in his lady's chamber,
> To the lascivious pleasing of her lute.

Therefore you have a new proof, Roderigo, both from my description of the past and my well-grounded anticipation of the future, how totally unfit this upstart Cassio is for the place of second in command to Othello; a place which from my valour and long services, and by all the titles of seniority and preferment ought surely to have been mine.

—

Dr. Johnson's remarks *affixed* to each play of Shakspeare are read and remembered; but many of his foot-notes are lost amid the rubbish of succeeding commentators. The following, expressed in most beautiful language, is very ingenious and happy. The father of Juliet is making preparations for a splendid supper and masquerade to which all the beauties of Verona are invited by their munificent entertainer, who thus warns Paris of the pleasure he is about to enjoy in the society of these lovely ladies:

> Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
> When well apparel'd April on the heel
> Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
> Among fresh female buds shall you this night
> Inherit at my house, &c.

To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man* shall feel as much in an assembly of beauties, as *young men* feel in the month of April, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read

> Such comfort as do lusty *yeoman* feel.

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of those ladies such hopes of happiness and such pleasure as the *farmer* receives from the Spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with rapture.

A comment of such a character is almost as splendid as the text itself. The *word*, which the learned Doctor has substituted, is preferable to the phrase of Shakspeare; but, in all the copies to which we have access, the poet's reading remains undisturbed.

ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara, In the Autumn of 1803.

With a plate representing an interesting scene on the shores of the Susquehanna.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

(*Continued from page 77.*)

ONCE more the dawn arous'd us to the road,
Our fare discharg'd, we left this lone abode,
And down, through deepening swamps, pursued our way,
Where pine and hemlocks quite shut out the day;
Majestic solitudes! all dead and deep!
The green moss matted o'er each mouldering heap;
On every side with watchful looks we spy,
Each rustling leaf attracts our eager eye;
Sudden the whirring tribe before us rise!
The woods resound—the fluttering partridge* dies;
Light floating feathers hover on the gale,
And the blue smoke rolls slowly through the vale.
Again, slow stealing o'er the shaded road,
Trailing their broad barr'd tails, two pheasants† strode,
The levell'd tube its fiery thunders pour'd,
And deep around the hollow forest roar'd;
Low in the dust the mangled victims lie,
And conscious triumph fills each traveller's eye.
Now thickening rains begin to cloud the air,
Our guns we muffle up—our only care;
Darker and heavier now the tempest lower'd,
And on the rattling leaves incessant pour'd;
The groaning trees in hollow murmurs wav'd;
And wild around the rising tempest rav'd.
Below dark, dropping pines we onward tread,
Where Bear Creek grumbles down his gloomy bed,

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* This is the *tetrao virginianus* of Linnæus. In the States of New-England it is called the quail.

† The bird here called a pheasant is the ruffed grous (*tetrao umbellus*) of European naturalists. In New-England it is called the partridge.

Through darksome gulfs, where bats forever skim,
The haunts of howling wolves and panthers grim.
At length two hovels through the pines appear,
And from the pelting storm we shelter here.
Two lank, lean dogs pace o'er the loosened floor;
A pouch and rifle hung behind the door;
Shrill through the logs the whistling tempest beats,
And the rough woodsman welcomes us to seats.
Before the blazing pile we smoking stand,
Our musquets glittering in the hunter's hand;
Now pois'd, now levell'd to his curious eye;
Then in the chimney corner set to dry.
Our clear, green powder-flasks were next admired;
Our powder tasted, handled, rubbed, and fir'd;
Touch'd by the spark, lo! sudden blazes soar,
And leave the paper spotless as before.
From foaming Brandywine's rough shores it came,
To sportsmen dear its merits and its name;
Dupont's‡ best Eagle, matchless for its power,
Strong, swift, and fatal as the bird it bore.
Like Jove's dread thunderbolts it with us went,
To pour destruction wheresoever sent.
These, as they glisten'd careless by our side,
With many a wishful look the woodsman ey'd.
Thus Bears on beech-nuts, hungry steeds on maize,
Or cats on mice, or hawks on squirrels gaze.
His proffer'd skins of all the forest train,
His looks, and empty horn, implored in vain;
Till to a family's wants we freely gave
What cold, hard-hearted Prudence bade us save.
And now, this treasure on our host bestow'd
His sun-burn'd visage at the present glow'd;
New-moulded bullets quickly he prepar'd;
Survey'd the glistening grain with fix'd regard,
Then charg'd his rifle with the precious store,
And threw the horn his brawny shoulders o'er,
Secured his punk, his matches, flint, and steel,
The dogs in transport barking at his heel;
Then, in his blanket, bade his wife good-bye,
For three long nights in dreary woods to lie.

‡ A celebrated manufacturer of gun-powder, on the Brandywine, whose packages are usually impressed with the figure of an eagle.

Our morsel ended, through the pouring rain,
O'er barren mountains we proceed again;
And now Wiomi opened on our view,
And, far beyond, the Alleghany blue,
Immensely stretch'd; upon the plain below
The painted roofs with gaudy colours glow,
And Susquehanna's glittering stream is seen
Winding in stately pomp through valleys green.
Hail, charming river! pure transparent flood!
Unstain'd by noxious swamps or choaking mud;
Thundering through broken rocks in whirling foam;
Or pleas'd o'er beds of glittering sand to roam;
Green be thy banks, sweet forest-wandering stream!
Still may thy waves with finny treasures teem;
The silvery shad and salmon crowd thy shores,
Thy tall woods echoing to the sounding oars;
On thy swoln bosom floating piles appear,
Fill'd with the harvests of our rich frontier:
Thy pine-brown'd cliffs, thy deep romantic vales,
Where wolves now wander, and the panther wails,
Where, at long intervals, the hut forlorn
Peeps from the verdure of embowering corn,
In future times (nor distant far the day)
Shall glow with crowded towns and villas gay;
Unnumber'd keels thy deepen'd course divide;
And airy arches pompously bestride;
The domes of Science and Religion rise,
And millions swarm where now a forest lies.
Now up green banks, through level fields of grass,
With heavy hearts the fatal spot we pass
Where Indian rage prevailed, by murder fir'd,
And warriors brave by savage hands expir'd;
Where bloody Butler's iron-hearted crew
Doom'd to the flames the weak submitting few;
While screams of horror pierc'd the midnight wood,
And the dire axe drank deep of human blood.*

* The massacre here alluded to, took place after the battle of 3d July 1778, which was fought near this spot. The small body of American troops were commanded by that brave, humane, and intelligent officer, colonel Butler; the tories and savages were headed by another colonel Butler, of a very different description. Were I disposed to harrow up the feelings of the reader, I

Obscur'd with mud, and drench'd with soaking rain,
Through pools of splashing mire we drove amain;
Night darkening round us; when, in lucky hour,
Led by its light we reach'd a cottage door:
There welcom'd in we bless'd our happy lot,
And all the drudgery of the day forgot.
A noble fire its blazing front display'd,
Clean shelves of pewter dazzling round array'd,
Where rows of ruddy apples, rang'd with care,
With grateful fragrance fill'd the balmy air;
Our bard (chief orator in times like these),
Though frank, yet diffident, and fond to please,
In broken German jok'd with all around,
Told who we were, from whence, and whither bound;
The cottage group a ready opening made,
And "welcome friends," the little Dutchman said.
Well pleas'd our guns and knapsacks we resign'd,
Th' adjoining pump, or running stream to find,
There wash'd our boots, and, entering, took our seat,
Stript to the trowsers in the glowing heat.
The mindful matron spread her table near,
Smoking with meat, and fill'd with plenteous cheer;
And supper o'er, brought forth, and handed round,
A massy bowl with mellow apples crown'd;
For all our wants a mother's care express'd,
And press'd us oft, and pick'd us out the best,
But Duncan smil'd, and slyly seemed to seek
More tempting fruit in Susan's glowing cheek,
Where such sweet innocence and meekness lay
As fairly stole our pilot's heart away.
He tried each art the evening to prolong,
And cheer'd the passing moments with a song,
So sadly tender, with such feeling rais'd,
That all, but Susan, with profusion prais'd;
She from his glance oft turned her glistening eye,
And paid in tears and many a stifled sigh.
Thus pass'd the evening charmingly away,
Each pleased and pleasing, innocent and gay,
Till early bed-time summon'd us to part,
And Susan's glances spoke her captive heart.

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might here enlarge on the particulars of this horrid affair; but I choose to decline it. Those who wish to see a detail of the whole, are referred to the Philadelphia Universal Magazine for March 20, 1797, p. 390.

Swift flew the night, in soundest sleep enjoyed,
By dawn we start, and find all hands employed,
The wheel, the cards, by fire-light buzzing go;
The careful mother kneads her massy dough;
Even little Mary at her needles sits,
And, while she nurses pussy, nicely knits.
Our generous friends their courtesy bestow'd,
Refus'd all price and pointed out the road;
With kindest wishes bade us all farewell;
What Susan felt, the rising tear could tell.
Blest Hospitality! the poor man's pride,
The stranger's guardian, comforter, and guide,
Whose cheering voice and sympathetic eye,
Even Angels honour as they hover nigh;
Confined (in mercy to our wandering race)
To no one country, people, age, or place;
But for the homeless and the exil'd lives,
And smiles the sweeter still the more she gives;
O if on earth one spot I e'er can claim,
One humble dwelling, even without a name,
Do thou, blest Spirit! be my partner there,
With sons of wo our little all to share;
Beside our fire the pilgrim's looks to see,
That swim in moisture as he thinks on thee;
To hear his tales of wild woods wandering through;
His ardent blessings as he bids adieu;
Then let the selfish hug their gold divine,
Ten thousand dearer pleasures shall be mine.
The morning fogs that o'er the country lay,
Dispersing, promised a delightful day,
Clear, warm, serene; the sun's resplendent beams,
Plays on the rocks, and from the river gleams,
The cheerful robins* chattering round us fly,
And crested wood-cocks† hammer from on high.
Poor Duncan's sober looks, and glistening eye,
His broken sentences, and half-fetch'd sigh,
His frequent backward gaze, and anxious mien,
While Susan's sheltered cottage could be seen,

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* *Turdus migratorius.*

† *Picus pileatus*, the great scarlet-crested, black woodpecker; called also in some of the Southern States the log cock.

Betray'd the thoughts that hover'd through his breast,
The fruitful source of many a rallying jest;
At length his song the echoing forest hail'd,
And laughing Comus over Love prevailed.
By Susquehanna's shores we journey on,
Hemmed in by mountains over mountains thrown,
Whose vast declivities rich scenes display
Of green pines mix'd with yellow foliage gay;
Each gradual winding opening to the sight
New towering heaps of more majestic height,
Grey with projecting rocks; along whose steeps
The sailing eagle‡ many a circle sweeps.
Few huts appear'd; the wretched few we spied
Seem'd caves where Sloth and Poverty reside;
The ragged owners happier far to hear
Men, boys, and dogs arouse the bounding deer;
In fluttering rags, with scarce a hat or shoe,
Down the rough steep the roaring chase pursue.
To *tree* the bear; the midnight wolf to watch;
Minx, otters, possums, or racoons to catch;
The bloody panther boldly to destroy,
Their highest glory and their greatest joy.
While round each hut the richest soil is seen,
Bleak squalid wretchedness is found within,
Filth, want, and ignorance from sire to son,
The sad attendants of the dog and gun;
As sage Experience long ago has said,
A good *amusement*, but a wretched *trade*.
'Twas now deep noon, the winding pathway led,
Beneath tall maples near the river's bed,
Where moss-grown logs in mouldering ruins lay,
And spice and dogwood fring'd the narrow way;
The scarlet berries clustering hung around,
And mix'd with yellow leaves bestrew'd the ground;
There glistening lay, extended o'er the path,
With steadfast, piercing eye, and gathering wrath,
A large grim rattle-snake, of monstrous size,
Three times three feet his length enormous lies;
His pointed scales in regular rows engraved;
His yellow sides with wreathes of dusky waved;

‡ *Falco leucocephalus*, the white-headed or bald eagle.

Fix'd to the spot, with staring eyes, we stood!
He, slowly moving, sought th' adjoining wood;
Conscious of deadly power, he seemed to say,
"Pass on; in peace let each pursue his way."
But when th' uplifted musquet met his view,
Sudden in sounding coils his form he threw!
Fierce from the centre rose his flatten'd head,
With quivering tongue and eyes of fiery red,
And jaws extended vast, where threatening lay
The fangs of death in horrible array;
While pois'd above, invisible to view,
His whizzing tail in swift vibration flew.
Back sprung our bard! and, aiming to let fly,
Glanc'd o'er the deadly tube his vengeful eye;
And now destruction seem'd at once decreed;
But Duncan's pleading check'd the barbarous deed;
"O spare the brave!" our generous pilot cried,
"Let Mercy, sir! let Justice now decide;
"This noble foe, so terrible to sight,
"Though armed with death, yet ne'er provokes the fight;
"Stern, yet magnanimous, he forms his den
"Far from the noisy, dangerous haunts of men.
"Th' unconscious foot that presses him he spares,
"And what was harmless meant forgiving bears;
"But dare his life.—Behold, he rises brave,
"To guard that being bounteous Nature gave.
"*We* are th' aggressors here; the Hero he;
"Honour the brave defence of ONE to THREE!"
He spoke. Three cheers the voice of MERCY hail'd;
And heav'ns most glorious attribute prevail'd.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NAIAD'S COMPLAINT—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

As slow I ascended the heights of the Schuylkill,
What time eve's bright star flings his beams from the west,
Each leaflet was still, and the hour it was tranquil,
For day's woodland minstrels had gone to their rest.
On the skirts of the east rose the moon in her glory,
Her magical radiance was soon spread around,
The moss-mantled rocks and green hillocks grew hoary,
And dewdrops of silver bespangled the ground.

On a proud swelling cliff that o'erhangs the white billows,
Which rise, in the night-storm, on Schuylkill's fierce flood,
Her bosom half bare, and her head bound with willows,
A nymph of the waters in pensiveness stood.
While she gazed on the stream, as it hied toward the ocean,
She followed each light passing surge with a sigh,
Her bosom it heaved with grief's wildest commotion,
And the big tear of sorrow impearled her moist eye.

"Ah! why," she exclaimed, in an accent so moving,
"Why fated the ocean to feed from my urn!
Where squadrons piratic are lawlessly roving,
Their business to capture, to ravage, to burn!
Where War's giant arm, with his pike, sword, and thunder,
Wastes life's crimson gore till he gluts every wave,
Then sternly exults in his pillage and plunder,
And laughs at the groans of the great and the brave.

Where Columbia's bold sons, as with canvas proud swelling,
They sweep through each climate, and traverse each coast,
From where Summer eternal emblazons his dwelling,
To where Winter frowns fierce from his mansion of frost,
Though their brows with the peace-bearing olive are shaded,
Still, still are they doomed to feel Discord's dire scourge,
Their forms in the damp, vaulted dungeon all faded,
Or their bodies whelmed lifeless beneath the green surge.

O! that henceforth my urn might withhold her small treasure,
And contribute no more to swell Ocean's full flood,
Where war is grown pastime, destruction a pleasure,
Till the deep's sateless monsters are sicken'd with blood.
Rise! rise! flickering Phœbus, with aspect indignant,
Thy fieryest beams shed abroad o'er yon plain!
Join thy rays, thirsty Sirius, thou orb so malignant!
And drink up my waves ere they reach the wide main."

Thus said, with a quick bursting glory surrounded,
As mild and as bright as the moon's silver beam,
From the cliff's lofty summit she fearlessly bounded,
And sunk from my sight in the soft flowing stream.

C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES written by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson, upon hearing that Herschel had called the planet he had discovered *Georgium Sidus*, in honour of the present King of Great-Britain.

WHETHER the optic's piercing eye,
Has introduced to view,
A distant planet in the sky,
Bright, wonderful, and new?

Or, whether we are nearer thrown
To the great fount of light,
And from that source, each mist be flown,
That wrapt that star in night?

A star *is* seen, which Britons hail,
With royal George's name,
That if his earthly glories fail,
The skies may blaze his fame.

But soon in our own land, some youth,
Whom genius shall inspire,
With skill in astronomic truth,
Shall proudly thus inquire:

"What mortal great, of this poor earth,
Gave this new star his name?
Another GEORGE* of greater worth,
Does this high honour claim."

Not so—to Britain's royal George
The planet we resign,
We hail OUR GEORGE, a new-born Sun,
Whose beams make planets shine.

Græme Park, January 6, 1787.

* George Washington.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES written upon a Drop of Rain which descended as the author was entering the under aisle of the chapel consecrated to the dead.

SOFT was the drop, and seemed to flow
From heaven—as if an angel's eye,
Gazing upon this form of wo,
Had melted to its murmured sigh.

Cold was the tear, and cold it fell,
Where neither hope nor life shall warm,
Since sepulchred *his* graces dwell
Who gave to life and hope their charm.

REGION OF TEARS! thy echoing aisle
No strains but grief has ever known,
Fearful, it freezes Nature's smile;
And looks on misery alone.

Why does *the desperate mourner* call
On thee, in many an accent wild?
Deaf is thy cold and clammy wall,
Dead as the feelings of her child.

Yet the sweet seraph Peace is here,
Lost to the world, she dwells with thee,
And gives from heaven an angel's tear,
To shed its pitying dew on me.

Spirit of him my soul adored,
Say, was that drop of mercy thine,
Beloved in life, in death deplored,
When shall thy bosom's rest be mine?

S. M.

CORRESPONDENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Answer to the queries in our last relative to the cowpen-finch of North America.

TO ALEXANDER WILSON.

SIR,

ON perusing The Port Folio of the last month, I discovered your advertisement respecting information wanted of the cow-bird, or, as Catesby has been pleased to beautify the name, cowpen-finch. Having been educated in one of the most fertile counties on the eastern shore of Maryland, and being particularly attached to the studies of nature, when leisure moments occured, I have more particularly indulged myself in the beautiful, but difficult study of Ornithology; when this was my disposition, it could not be suppposed that this peculiar bird could have escaped my observation; when especially my neighbourhood afforded thousands of them. The bird in question is about the size of the Baltimore bird. The female is of a mixture of pale *black* and *brown*, with a pale reflection of drab lines from the head down her neck and breast. The male is much darker in colour—of a beautiful variegation of black and violet, tinged with a beautiful gloss. I have marked this bird as very singularly dependent on others of a less and harmless kind for the raising of their young. Yes, sir, my search and inquiries have been in vain in search of their nests, but instead thereof, I have always found eggs deposited in the nests of the innocent sparrow, the yellow bird, the goldfinch, and I have also found them in hollow posts, in the nests of blue birds. The eggs are about the size of the blue bird's; but more of a globular form, very much speckled with the colour of the English mocking-bird's.

It has been my particular observation, that if the cow-bird deposited her egg (she never lays but one in a nest) before the sparrow had at least one of her own, the latter has invariably forsook the nest. This is worthy your notice; but when the sparrow has laid part of hers, she seems to act opposite to the partridge, careless of the intrusion of any other bird in increasing the number of eggs. It has never come to my knowledge of the young cow-bird casting the young of other birds from their nests. If there are cases of the real young of those birds being expelled from the nests of their own parents, the causes have been as follow, which have come under my own observation: The cow-bird's egg is generally larger than the eggs of the birds whose nests it is in, which causes its obtaining the centre of the nest, and from this position it debars the bird from sitting so close to her own, by which cause

they are the last hatched, and from the cow-bird being hatched first, it again obtains the centre and best situation in the nest; hence, from being hatched first, and from their more than proportionate growth, they are always more able to maintain their position, and if the cavity is not sufficiently large, the poor weak sparrow is often thrust entirely out.

I have always noticed that those birds that have adopted the cow-bird as their young, have taken, in every respect, as much care for its safety, and have exhibited the same symptoms of affection and interestedness as for their own young.

I could give you a much fuller and further account of the singularities of this remarkable bird, which have come under *my own* observation, had I my note book at hand, but at this moment neither time nor convenience will permit me to refer to it. I may, when leisure permits, make a further communication on this bird, as I know no man to whom I would more freely give every information respecting the object of his desires, and no one who is deserving greater honours for diffusing the knowledge and beauties of this part of animated nature; but more particularly for dressing and adorning these beauties of our own happy land.

I am Sir,
With every consideration of respect,
Yours sincerely,

Baltimore, Aug. 12. MYRTILLO.

THE writer of the above will please to accept my thankful acknowledgments. I regret, however, that he did not substitute his *real* signature, that I might know to whom I am indebted for the favour. The facts he has stated are interesting; for, in the history of the feathered tribes, as in every other department of history, facts are the most essential materials wanted. We can have theory enough from the mere *closet naturalist;* but to procure the former, we must submit to the drudgery of ransacking, examining, and exploring, with unwearied perseverance, the great stores of living nature, for ourselves.

The remark of Myrtillo, that the cow-bird is "dependent on others of a *less* and *harmles* kind," exactly corresponds with my own observations. The birds in whose nests I have found her eggs, being, without exception, of this character. Among these known foster parents may be enumerated, the Maryland yellowthroat, the red-eyed fly-catcher, the golden crowned thrush, the yellowbird, and the bluebird: all birds of a mild and affectionate disposition, qualities very requisite in a nurse. That these will, however, forsake their newly formed nest,

should the cow-bird be the first to lay in it, I have myself had no less than three instances of, this season. Were I disposed, like some others, to theorize on this particular, I might say that this remarkable circumstance is a deviation from the design of Nature, or rather, that the design of Nature in this case seems to be defeated by it. Perhaps, however, the proprietor of the nest may have more honourable motives. She may say, or be supposed to say, to the intruder, "I built this for myself and for my own progeny; you have thought proper to take possession; you are welcome; take it; hatch your own eggs, and rear your own young as I and others do, and as all ought to do." Such might be the fanciful reveries of a Buffon: we will content ourselves for the present with humble facts.

The most interesting point relative to this affair is still undetermined, viz. What becomes of the young of the foster parents hatched in the same nest with the cow-bird? Have they ever been found together? Or have they been known to remain tenants in common until ready to fly? In all the cases that have come under my own notice the cow-bird was *alone* in the nest; or was fed and attended by the proprietors, unaccompanied by any other young ones.

About two months ago I took from the nest of the Maryland yellowthroat (American Ornithology, vol. I, pl. 6, fig. 1) which was built at the root of a briar bush among the leaves, a young cow-bird nearly fit to fly. It filled and occupied the whole nest. I examined the space around, and watched the motions of the old ones with great care, for a considerable time, to discover whether there were any other young, or what had become of them; but without success. This cow-bird I carried home with me, and entrusted it to the care of a redbird (loxia cardinalis) who fed and reared it with the greatest tenderness. It is now changing its brown coat for one of glossy black; and repays the attention of its *second* stepfather, with an occasional attempt at singing.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Philadelphia, 17th August, 1809.

REVIEW OF GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

CAMPBELL, who is, perhaps, on the whole, the best poet of our age, at least among living ones, has lately republished some of his fugitive pieces, together with an original poem, of which Pennsylvania is made the scene.

It was a somewhat perilous undertaking to lay the scene in a country to which the writer was a stranger, and of which he was indebted for all his information to hasty and inaccurate travellers. This disadvantage, indeed, exists only to a Pennsylvanian or American reader. The poet's countrymen being as ignorant as himself, will be blind to several defects and incongruities, which are visible enough to our eyes. The following review of this poem is taken from a late number of the Edinburg Review, and is written with the usual spirit and sagacity by which that publication is remarkably distinguished.

Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylyania Tale; and other Poems. By Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," &c.

We rejoice once more to see a polished and pathetic poem, in the old style of English pathos and poetry. This is of the pitch of the Castle of Indolence, and the finer parts of Spencer; with more feeling in many places, than the first, and more condensation and diligent finishing than the latter. If the true tone of nature be not everywhere maintained, it gives place, at least, to art only, and not to affectation—and, least of all, to affectation of singularity or rudeness.

Beautiful as the greater part of this volume is, the public taste, we are afraid, has of late been too much accustomed to beauties of a more obtrusive and glaring kind, to be fully sensible of its merit. Without supposing that this taste has been in any great degree vitiated, or even imposed upon, by the babyism or antiquarianism which have lately been versified for its improvement, we may be allowed to suspect, that it has been somewhat dazzled by the splendor, and bustle, and variety of the most popular of our recent poems; and that the more modest colouring of truth and nature may, at this moment, seem somewhat cold and feeble. We have endeavoured, on former occasions, to do justice to the force and originality of some of these brilliant productions, as well as to the genius (fitted for much higher things) of their authors—and have little doubt of being soon called upon for a renewed tribute of applause. But we cannot help saying, in the meantime, that the work before us belongs to a class which comes nearer to our conception of pure and perfect poetry. Such productions do not, indeed, strike so strong a blow as the vehement effusions of our modern *Trouveurs*; but they are calculated, we think, to please more deeply, and to call out more permanently, those trains of emotion, in which the delight of poetry will probably be found to consist. They may not be so loudly nor so universally applauded; but their fame will probably endure longer, and they will be oftener recalled to mingle with the reveries of solitary leisure, or the consolations of real sorrow.

There is a sort of poetry, no doubt, as there is a sort of flowers, which can bear the broad sun and the ruffling winds of the world,—which thrive under the hands and eyes of indiscriminating multitudes, and please as much in hot and crowded saloons, as in their own sheltered repositories; but the finer and the purer sorts blossom only in the shade, and never give out their sweets but to those who seek them amid the quiet and seclusion of the scenes which gave them birth. There are torrents and cascades which attract the admiration of tittering parties, and of which even the busy must turn aside to catch a transient glance; but 'the haunted stream' steals through a still and solitary lanscape;

and its beauties are never revealed, but to him who strays, in calm contemplation, by its course, and follows its wanderings with undistracted and unimpatient admiration. There is a reason, too, for all this, which may be made more plain than by metaphors.

The highest delight which poetry produces, does not arise from the mere passive perception of the images or sentiments which it presents to the mind, but from the excitement which is given to its own eternal activity, and the character which is impressed on the train of its spontaneous conceptions. Even the dullest reader generally sees more than is directly presented to him by the poet; but a lover of poetry always sees infinitely more; and is often indebted to his author for little more than an impulse, or the key-note of a melody, which his fancy makes out for itself. Thus, the effect of poetry depends more on the *fruitfulness* of the impressions to which it gives rise, than on their own individual force or novelty; and the writers who possess the greatest powers of fascination, are not those who present us with the greatest number of lively images or lofty sentiments, but who most successfully impart their own impulse to the current of our thoughts and feelings, and give the colour of their brighter conceptions to those which they excite in us. Now, upon a little consideration, it will probably appear, that the dazzling, and the busy and marvellous scenes which constitute the whole charm of some poems, are not so well calculated to produce this effect, as those more intelligible delineations which are borrowed from ordinary life, and coloured from familiar affections. The object is, to awaken in our minds a train of kindred emotions, and to excite our imaginations to work out for themselves a tissue of pleasing or impressive conceptions. But it seems obvious, that this is more likely to be accomplished by surrounding us gradually with those objects, and involving us in those situations with which we have long been accustomed to associate the feelings of the poet,—than by startling us with some tale of wonder, or attempting to engage our affections for personages, of whose character and condition we are little able to form any conception. These, indeed, are more sure than the other to produce a momentary sensation, by the novelty and exaggeration with which they are commonly attended; but their power is spent at the first impulse; they do not strike root and germinate in the mind, like the seeds of its native feelings; nor propagate throughout the imagination that long series of delightful movements, which is only excited when the song of the poet is the echo of our familiar feelings.

It appears to us, therefore, that by far the most powerful and enchanting poetry is that which depends for its effect upon the just representation of common feelings and common situations, and not on the strangeness of its incidents, or the novelty or exotic splendor of its scenes and characters. The difficulty is, no doubt, to give the requisite force, elegance, and dignity, to these ordinary subjects, and to win a way for them to the heart, by that true and concise expression of natural emotion, which is among the rarest gifts of inspiration. To accomplish this, the poet must do much; and the reader something. The one must practise enchantment, and the other submit to it. The one must purify his conceptions from all that is low or artificial, and the other must lend himself gently to the impression, and refrain from dirturbing it by any movement of worldly vanity, derision, or hardheartedness. In an advanced state of society, the expression of simple emotion is so obstructed by ceremony, or so disterted by affectation; that though the sentiment itself be still familiar to the greater part of mankind, the

verbal representation of it is a task of the utmost difficulty. One set of writers, accordingly, finding the whole language of men and women too sophisticated for this purpose, have been obliged to go to the nursery for a more suitable pheaseology; another has adopted the style of courtly Arcadians; and a third, that of mere Bedlamites. So much more difficult is it to express natural feelings, than to narrate battles, or describe prodigies!

But even when the poet has done his part, there are many causes which may obstruct his immediate popularity. In the first place, it requires a certain degree of sensibility to perceive his merit. There are thousands of people who can admire a florid description, or be amused with a wonderful story, to whom a pathetic poem is quite unintelligible. In the second place, it requires a certain degree of leisure and tranquillity. A picturesque stanza may be well enough relished while the reader is getting his hair combed; but a scene of tenderness or emotion will not do for the corner of a crowded drawingroom. Finally, it requires a certain degree of courage to proclaim the merits of such a writer. Those who feel the most deeply, are most given to disguise their feelings; and derision is never so agonizing as when it pounces on the wanderings of misguided sensibility. Considering the habits of the age in which we live, therefore, and the fashion, which, though not immutable, has for some time run steadily in an opposite direction, we should not be much surprised if a poem, whose chief merit consisted in its pathos, and in the softness and exquisite tenderness of its representations of domestic life and romantic seclusion, should meet with less encouragement than it deserves. If the volume before us were the work of an unknown writer, indeed, we should feel no little apprehension about its success; but Mr. Campbell's name has power, we are persuaded, to insure a very partial and a very general attention to whatever it accompanies, and, we would fain hope, influence enough to reclaim the public taste to a juster standard of excellence. The success of his former work, indeed, goes far to remove our anxiety for the fortune of this. It contained, perhaps, more brilliant and bold passages than are to be found in the poem before us; but it was inferior, we think, in softness and beauty; and, being necessarily of a more desultory and didactic character, had far less pathos and interest than this very simple tale. Those who admired the Pleasures of Hope for the passage about Brama and Kosciusko, may, perhaps, be somewhat disappointed with the gentler tone of Gertrude; but those who loved that charming work for its pictures of infancy and of maternal and connubial love, may read on here with the assurance of a still higher gratification.

The story is of very little consequence in a poem of this description; and it is here, as we have just hinted, extremely short and simple. Albert, an English gentleman of high character and accomplishment, had emigrated to Pennsylvania about the year 1740, and occupied himself, after his wife's death, in doing good to his neighbours, and in educating his infant child, Gertrude. He had fixed himself in the pleasant township of Wyoming, on the banks of the Susquehanna; a situation which, at that time, might have passed for an earthly paradise, with very little aid from poetical embellishment. The beauty and fertility of the country,—the simple and unlaborious plenty which reigned among the scattered inhabitants,—but, above all, the singular purity and innocence of their manners, and the tranquil and unenvious equa-

lity in which they passed their days, form altogether a scene, on which the eye of philanthropy is never wearied with gazing, and to which, perhaps, no parallel can be found in the annals of the fallen world. The heart turns with delight from the feverish scenes of European history, to the sweet repose of this true Atlantis; but sinks to reflect, that though its reality may still be attested by surviving witnesses, no such spot is *now* left, on the whole face of the earth, as a refuge from corruption and misery!

The poem opens with a fine description of this enchanting retirement. One calm summer morn, a friendly Indian arrives in his canoe, bringing with him a fair boy, who, with his mother, were the sole survivors of an English garrison which had been stormed by a hostile tribe. The dying mother had commended her boy to the care of her wild deliverers; and their chief, in obedience to her solemn bequest, now delivers him into the hands of the most respected of the adjoining settlers. Albert recognizes the unhappy orphan as the son of a beloved friend; and rears young Henry Waldegrave as the happy playmate of Gertrude, and sharer with her in the joys of their romantic solitude, and the lessons of their venerable instructor. When he is scarcely entered upon manhood, Henry is sent for by his friends in England, and roams over Europe in search of improvement for eight or nine years,—while the quiet hours are sliding over the father and daughter in the unbroken tranquillity of their Pennsylvanian retreat. At last, Henry, whose heart had found no resting place in all the world besides, returns in all the mature graces of manhood, and marries his beloved Gertrude. Then there is bliss beyond all that is blissful on earth,—and more feelingly described than mere genius can ever hope to describe anything. But the war of emancipation begins; and the dream of love and enjoyment is broken by alarms and dismal forebodings. While they are sitting one evening enjoying those tranquil delights, now more endeared by the fears which gather around them, an aged Indian rushes into their habitation, and, after disclosing himself for Henry's ancient guide and preserver, informs them, that a hostile tribe, which had exterminated his whole family, is on its march towards their devoted dwellings. With considerable difficulty they effect their escape to a fort at some distance in the woods; and at sunrise, Gertrude, and her father and husband, look from its battlements over the scene of desolation which the murderous Indian had spread over the pleasant groves and gardens of Wyoming. While they are standing wrapt in this sad contemplation, an Indian marksman fires a mortal shot from his ambush at Albert; and as Gertrude clasps him in agony to her heart, another discharge lays her bleeding at his side. She then takes farewell of her husband in a speech more sweetly pathetic than anything ever written in rhyme. Henry prostrates himself on her grave in convulsed and speechless agony; and his Indian deliverer, throwing his mantle over him, watches by him awhile in gloomy silence; and at last addresses him in a sort of wild and energetic descant, exciting him, by his example, to be revenged and to die. The poem closes with this vehement and impassioned exhortation.

Before proceeding to lay any part of the poem itself before our readers, we should try to give them some idea of that delightful harmony of colouring and of expression, which serves to unite every part of it for the production of one effect, and to make the description, narrative and reflections, conspire to breathe over the whole a certain air of pure and tender enchantment, which is not once dispelled, through the

whole length of the poem, by the intrusion of any discordant impression. All that we can now do, however, is, to tell them that this was its effect upon our feelings; and to give them their chance of partaking in it, by a pretty copious selection of extracts.

The descriptive stanzas in the beginning, which set out with an invocation to Wyoming, though in some places a little obscure and overlaboured, are, to our taste, very soft and beautiful.

> On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,
> Although the wildflower on thy ruin'd wall
> And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
> Of what thy gentle people did befall,
> Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
> That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
> Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
> And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
> Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!
>
> It was beneath thy skies that but to prune
> His autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,
> Perchance, along thy river calm at noon
> The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
> From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
> Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown
> When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new;
> And aye, those sunny mountains half way down
> Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.
>
> Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
> His leave, how might you the flamingo see
> Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
> And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
> And every sound of life was full of glee,
> From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men,
> While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,
> The wild deer archt his neck from glades, and then
> Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.
>
> And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
> Heard but in transatlantic story rung, &c.

The account of the German, Spanish, Scottish, and English settlers, and of the patriarchal harmony in which they were all united, is likewise given with great spirit and brevity; as well as the portrait of the venerable Albert, their own elected judge and adviser. A sudden transition is then made to Gertrude.

> Young innocent! on whose sweet forehead mild
> The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
> An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,
> Or blest his noonday walk—She was his only child.
>
> The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
> What though these shades had seen her birth, &c.

After mentioning that she was left the only child of her mother, the author goes on in these sweet verses.

A lov'd bequest! and I may half impart—
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
Uprose that living flow'r beneath his eye,
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind);
All uncompanion'd else her years had gone
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r, &c.

This is the guide and preserver of young Henry Waldegrave; who is somewhat fantastically described as appearing

Led by his dusky guide, like Morning brought by Night.

The Indian tells his story with great animation—the storming and blowing up of the English fort—and the tardy arrival of his friendly and avenging warriors. They found all the soldiers slaughtered.

And from the tree we with her child unbound
A lonely mother of the christian land——
Her lord—the captain of the British band——
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay;
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand;
Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away;
Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the christians pray.

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm, and sweet sagamité;
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore;
And take, she said, this token far away
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he behold's the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

Albert recognizes the child of his murdered friend with great emotion; which the Indian witnesses with characteristic and picturesque composure.

Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;

As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear——
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.——

This warrior, however, is not without high feelings and tender affections.

He scorn'd his own, who felt another's wo:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his moccasons, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou the spirit of thy mother greet,
Oh! say, tomorrow, that the white man's hand
Hath pluckt the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
While I in lonely wilderness shall meet
Thy little foot prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain roe.

Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!

The second part opens with a fine description of Albert's sequestered dwelling. It reminds us of that enchanted landscape in which Thomson has embosomed his Castle of Indolence. We can make room only for the first stanza.

A valley from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlookt his lawn;
And waters to their resting place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene:
A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves.
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, I ween,
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

The effect of this seclusion on Gertrude is beautifully represented.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they lookt upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
As if for heavenly musing meant alone;
Yet so becomingly the expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,

Lost on the soul that lookt from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown;
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

The morning scenery, too, is touched with a delicate and masterly hand.

While yet the wild deer trode in spangling dew,
While boatman caroll'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

The reader is left rather too much in the dark as to Henry's departure for Europe;—nor, indeed, are we apprised of his absence, till we come to the scene of his unexpected return. Gertrude was used to spend the hot part of the day in reading in a lonely rocky recess in those safe woods; which is described with Mr. Campbell's usual felicity.

—— Rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance wore;
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time.

But high, in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloes threw;
Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles—ere yet its symphony begin.

In this retreat, which is represented as so solitary, that, except her own,

— Scarce an ear had heard
The stock-dove plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.

—a stranger of lofty port and gentle manners surprises her, and is conducted to her father. They enter into conversation on the subject of his travels.

And much they lov'd his fervid strain—
While he each fair variety retrac'd
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main:
Now happy Switzer's hills, romantic Spain,
Gay lilied fields of France, or, more refin'd,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
Nor less each rural image he design'd,
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak;
The loneliness of earth that overawes;

Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor voice nor living motion marks around;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek;
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

Albert, at last, bethinks him of inquiring after his stray ward young Henry, and entertains his guest with a short summary of his history.

His face the wand'rer hid; but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell;
"And speak, mysterious stranger!" (Gertrude cried)
"It is!—it is!—I knew—I knew him well!
"'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell!"
A burst of joy the father's lips declare;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell:
At once his open arms embrac'd the pair;
Was never group more blest, in this wide world of care.

The burst of their joy and artless love is represented with all the fine colours of truth and poetry; but we cannot now make room for it. The second part ends with this stanza.

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon;
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable—which I may not portray;
For never did the Hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

The last part sets out with a soft but spirited sketch of their short-lived felicity.

Three little moons, how short, amid the grove,
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heav'n—the bless'd air,
And interchange of hearts, unknown, unseen to share.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring;
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No! nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade even now her love, and witness'd first her vows.

The transition to the melancholy part of the story is introduced with great tenderness and dignity.

But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming! the day, when thou wert doom'd,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloom'd.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
When transatlantic liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes:
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,
Her birth star was the light of burning plains;
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts, the blood of British veins,
And Famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

Gertrude's alarm and dejection at the prospect of hostilities are well described.

"O, meet not thou," she cries, "thy kindred foe!
"But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand," &c.

—as well as the arguments and generous sentiments by which her husband labours to reconcile her to a necessary evil. The nocturnal irruption of the old Indian is given with great spirit:—age and misery had so changed his apperance, that he was not at first recognized by any of the party.

And hast thou then forgot, he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air,
Oh! hast thou, christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age hath bow'd me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy, and he will his deliverer know!

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew:
Bless thee, my guide!——but, backward as he came,
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And graspt his arm, and lookt and lookt him through.
Twas strange; nor could the group a smile control;
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
It is, my own, he cried, and claspt him to his soul.

Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When spite of woods, and floods, and ambusht men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd,
For I was strong as mountain cataract:
And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd
Upon the last hill-top, when whitemen's huts appear'd?

After warning them of the approach of their terrible foe, the conflagration is seen, and the whoops and scattering shot of the enemy heard at a distance. The motley militia of the neighbourhood flock to the defence of Albert: the effect of their shouts and music on the old Indian is fine and striking.

> Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
> Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
> And beating with his war-club cadence strong,
> Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts.

Nor is the contrast of this savage enthusiasm with the venerable composure of Albert, less beautifully represented.

> Calm, opposite, the christian father rose;
> Pale on his venerable brow its rays
> Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
> One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
> And one the uncover'd crowd to silence sways;
> While, though the battle flash is faster driven,
> Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
> He for his bleeding country prays to heaven,
> Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

They then speed their night march to the distant fort, whose wedged ravelins and redoubts

> Wove like a diadem its tracery round
> The lofty summit of that mountain green,

and look back from its lofty height on the desolated scenes around them. We will not separate, nor apologise for the length of the fine passage that follows; which alone, we think might justify all we have said in praise of the poem.

> A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
> And blended arms and white pavilions glow;
> And for the business of destruction done,
> Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow.
> There, sad spectatress of her country's wo!
> The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
> Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
> On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
> Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm!
>
> But short that contemplation, sad and short
> The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
> Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
> Where friendly swords were drawn and banners flew.
> Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
> Was near? yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
> Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
> The ambush'd foeman's eye, his volley speeds,
> And Albert, Albert, falls! the dear old father bleeds!
>
> And tranc'd in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;
> Yet while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
> Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
> These drops? Oh God? the life-blood is her own;

And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown.
Weep not, O Love! she cries, to see me bleed:
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone;
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And, when this heart has ceas'd to beat—oh, think,
And let it mitigate thy wo's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs---when I am laid in dust!

Go, Henry, go not back when I depart;
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heav'n; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No, I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge; but shall there then be none
In future times, no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me!
Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.

The funeral is hurried over with pathetic brevity; and the desolated and all-enduring Indian brought in again with peculiar beauty.

Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd shroud,
While woman's softer soul in wo dissolv'd aloud.
Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth.
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth. Him watch'd in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide; but words had none to sooth
The grief that knew not consolation's name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,

He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

After some time spent in this mute and awful pause, this stern and heart-struck comforter breaks out into the following touching and energetic address, with which the poem closes, with great spirit and abruptness.

'And I could weep;' the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus began:
'But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son!
Or bow this head in wo;
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

'But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep;
Nor will the christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!—

'To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?—
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers!
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!—
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!—
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quafft;
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

But hark, the trump!— to-morrow thou
In glory's fire shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now

My father's awful ghost appears;
Amidst the clouds that round us roll,
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst—
From Outalissi's soul;—
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.'

It is needless, after these extracts, to enlarge upon the beauties of this poem. They consist chiefly in the feeling and tenderness of the whole delineation, and the taste and delicacy with which all the subordinate parts are made to contribute to the general effect. Before dismissing it, however, we must say a little of its faults, which are sufficiently obvious and undeniable. In the first place, the narrative is extremely obscure and imperfect; and has greater blanks in it than could be tolerated even in lyric poetry. We hear absolutely nothing of Henry, from the day the Indian first brings him from the back country, till he returns from Europe fifteen years thereafter. It is likewise a great oversight in Mr. Campbell to separate his lovers, when only *twelve* years of age: a period at which it is utterly inconceivable that any permanent attachment could have been formed. The greatest fault, however, of the work, is the occasional constraint and obscurity of the diction, proceeding apparently from too laborious an effort at emphasis or condensation. The metal seems in several places to have been so much overworked, as to have lost not only its ductility, but its lustre; and, while there are passages which can scarcely be at all understood after the most careful consideration, there are others which have an air so elaborate and artificial, as to destroy all appearance of nature in the sentiment. Our readers may have remarked something of this sort in the first extracts with which we presented them; but there are specimens still more exceptionable. In order to inform us that Albert had lost his wife, Mr. Campbell is pleased to say, that

—— Fate had reft his mutual heart;

and in order to tell us something else—though what, we are utterly unable to conjecture—he concludes a stanza on the delights of mutual love, with these three lines,

Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

The whole twenty-second stanza of the first part is extremely incorrect;—the three concluding lines are almost unintelligible.

But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy friend!

If Mr. Campbell had duly considered the primary necessity of perspicuity,—especially in compositions which aim only at pleasing,—we are persuaded that he would never have left these and some other passages in so very questionable a state. There is still a good deal for him to do, indeed, in a new edition: and working—as he must work—in the true spirit and pattern of what is before him, we hope he will yet be induced to make considerable additions to a work, which will please

From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:
Then cease, and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

There are two little ballad pieces, published for the first time, in this collection, which have both very considerable merit, and afford a favourable specimen of Mr. Campbell's powers in this new line of exertion. The longest is the most beautiful; but we give our readers the shortest, because we can give it entire.

O heard you yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd all in silence——they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
"Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain: no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

those most who are most worthy to be pleased, and always seem most beautiful to those who give it the greatest share of their attention.

Of the smaller pieces which fill up the volume, we have scarce left ourselves room to say anything. The greater part of them have been printed before; and there are probably few readers of English poetry who are not already familiar with the Lochiel and the Hohinlinden—the one by far the most spirited and poetical denunciation of wo since the days of Cassandra; the other the only representation of a modern battle, which possesses either interest or sublimity. The song to 'The Mariners of England,' is also very generally known. It is a splendid instance of the most magnificent diction adapted to a familiar and even trivial metre. Nothing can be finer than the first and the last stanzas.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle, and the breeze!
Your glorious standard lanch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep, &c.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

'The battle of the Baltic,' though we think it has been printed before, is much less known. Though written in a strange, and we think an unfortunate metre, it has great force and grandeur, both of conception and expression—that sort of force and grandeur which results from the simple and concise expression of great events and natural emotions, altogether unassisted by any splendor or amplification of expression. The characteristic merit, indeed, both of this piece and of Hohinlinden, is, that, by the forcible delineation of one or two great circumstances, they give a clear and most energetic representation of events as complicated as they are impressive,—and thus impress the mind of the reader with all the terror and sublimity of the subject, while they rescue him from the fatigue and perplexity of its details. Nothing, in our judgment, can be more impressive than the following very short and simple description of the British fleet bearing up to close action.

As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.——

The description of the battle itself (though it begins with a tremendous line) is in the same spirit of homely sublimity; and worth a thousand stanzas of thunder, shrieks, shouts, tridents, and heroes.

"Hearts of oak," our captains cried! when each gun

We close this volume, on the whole, with feelings of regret for its shortness, and of admiration for the genius of its author. There are but two noble sorts of poetry,—the pathetic and the sublime; and we think he has given very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both. There is something, too, we will venture to add, in the style of many of his conceptions, which irresistibly impresses us with conviction, that he can do much greater things than he has hitherto accomplished; and leads us to regard him, even yet, as a poet of still greater promise than performance. It seems to us, as if the natural force and boldness of his ideas were habitually checked by a certain fastidious timidity, and an anxiety about the minor graces of correct and chastened composition. Certain it is, at least, that his greatest and most lofty flights have been made in those smaller pieces, about which, it is natural to think, he must have felt least solicitude; and that he has succeeded most splendidly where he must have been most free from the fear of failure. We wish any praises or exhortations of ours had the power to give him confidence in his own great talents; and hope earnestly, that he will now meet with such encouragement, as may set him above all restraints that proceed from apprehension, and induce him to give free scope to that genius, of which we are persuaded that the world has hitherto seen rather the grace than the richness.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE enthusiasm, with which the pure mind of a zealous FRIEND is fired, is worthy of the goodness of his heart, the liberality of his views, and the magnitude of his cause. Well may he exclaim, in a burst of *legitimate* passion and *honest* pride,

> Thou, if there be a Thou in this great town,
> Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
> He, who with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd,
> With Zeal and equal Indignation fir'd,
> Who at ENORMOUS VILLAINY TURNS PALE,
> And STEERS AGAINST IT WITH A FULL-BLOWN SAIL;
> Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
> On this my honest work, though plain the style;
> And if two lines, or three, in all my strain,
> Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
> May they perform their author's just intent,
> *Glow in thy ears*, and in *thy breast ferment*.
> But from the reading of my book, and me,
> Be far, ye foes to virtuous Poverty,

Who *Fortune's* fault upon the poor can throw,
Point to the faded coat, and sullied shoe,
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The *dim, weak eyesight*, WHEN THE MIND IS CLEAR.

To Dr. HOSACK, of New-York, we tender our acknowledgments for his anecdotical letter. We shall be glad to hear from this gentleman, on topics either literary, or scientific, as often as the cares of his salutary and benevolent profession will give him leave. We have enjoyed numerous opportunities of remarking, that he, who has had the enviable privilege of an intimacy with the scholars of Edinburg, that *hot-bed of literature*, leaves that glorious society, with a mind deeply tinged with the colours of genius at once bright and lasting.

It is not only hoped, but believed, that every man of correct Judgment and delicate Taste will approve of our plan to avail ourselves, *occasionally*, of the wisdom *that is without*.

Although from the number of our communications the Editor would find little difficulty in filling all his pages with original matter; yet this, however easy to him, would, in many cases, be little to the advantage of his readers. It has appeared more eligible to insert only such as possessed superior merit in point of subject, or manner, and, instead of refuse, or ordinary composition, to introduce *interesting extracts* from *rare* or *valuable* books, not accessible to the generality of our readers; and particularly translations from authors in foreign languages, which have not appeared in an English dress. From connexions, which have been recently established, it is hoped we shall be able greatly to enlarge our command of foreign works for this latter purpose. Almost all of the *ephemeral* productions of the English press are our closet companions, and a large proportion of literary and philosophical productions, *upon a larger scale*, is by no means inaccessible to our curiosity. In the multitude of these pages, whether light or serious, a diligent reader will discover numerous passages either brilliant, or solid, which, from their rarity, originality, use, or beauty, deserve a faithful transcription into this miscellany. A shallow or imperfect essay, merely because the rickety bantling was born *on this side of the Atlantic*, shall never supersede the hardy and graceful offspring of LEARNING, IMPREGNATED BY GENIUS. Domestic talents, and domestic industry, shall always be fondly fostered; but we shall always keep wide open the doors of communication, for the admission of wisdom from every part of the world.

Of the various and elegant essays we have received with gratitude and inserted with alacrity since the establishment of this magazine,

few have arrested our attention more strongly than a very subtle speculation with which we were recently favoured, on the character of Hamlet. We are fully of the author's opinion, which he has supported with the solidity of argument and decorated with the ornaments of style. There is a passage in one of the letters of an eminent critic and polite scholar, so pertinent to our correspondent's theory and so coincident with our own sentiments, that we will copy it as a just tribute to the poet, the player, the common feelings of our nature, and the rights of good sense.

It is in vain to indulge one's self in unavailing complaints, otherwise I could rail by the hour at dame Fortune for placing me beyond the reach of GARRICK, that arch magician, as Horace would have called him. I well remember, and I think can never forget, how he once affected me in Macbeth, and *made me almost throw myself over the front seat of the two shilling gallery.* I wish I had another opportunity of risking my neck and nerves in the same cause. To fall by the hands of Garrick and Shakspeare, would enoble my memory to all generations. To be serious, if all actors were like this one, I do not think it would be possible for a person of sensibility to outlive the representation of Hamlet, Lear, or Macbeth: which, by the bye, seems to suggest a reason for that mixture of comedy and tragedy of which our great poet was so fond, and which the *Frenchified* critics think such an intolerable outrage both against nature and decency. Against nature it is no outrage at all: the inferior officers of a court know little of what passes among kings and statesmen; and may be very merry when their superiors are very sad; and if so, the porter's soliloquy in Macbeth may be a very just imitation of nature. I can never accuse of indecency the man, who by the introduction of a little unexpected merriment, saves me from a disordered head, or a broken heart. If Shakspeare knew his own powers, he must have seen the necessity of tempering his tragic rage by a mixture of comic ridicule; otherwise there was some danger of his running into greater extremes than deer stealing, by sporting with the lives of all the people of taste in these realms. Other playrights must conduct their approaches to the human heart, with the utmost circumspection, a single false step may make them lose a great deal of ground; but Shakspeare made his way to it at once, and could make his audience burst their sides this moment and break their hearts the next. I have often seen Hamlet performed by the *underlings of the theatre*, but *none of these seemed to understand what they were about.* Hamlet's character, though *perfectly natural*, is *so very uncommon*, that few, even of our critics, can enter into it. Sorrow, indignation, revenge, and *consciousness of his own irresolution*, tear his heart; the peculiarity of his circumstances often obliges him to counterfeit madness, and the storm of passions within him often *drives him to the verge of real madness.* This produces a situation so interesting, and a conduct so complicated, as none but Shakspeare could have the courage to describe, or even invent, and none but Garrick will ever be able to exhibit.

The irregularities of the muse of M. are remarkably characteristic, but our friend need not be surprised at this wildness, for without it the Wit were nothing.

Need I to thee, dear C—n, tell?
He loves the license all too well,
In sound, now lowly, and now strong,
To raise THE DESULTORY SONG.

The versatility of B. is like that of Sir Sidney Smith,

Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The sword, the bridle, or the oar.

The character of a British officer reminds us of a pictureque passage in Marmion:

Although with men of high degree
The *proudest of the proud* was he,
Yet, train'd to camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey
Boistrous as March, yet *fresh as May*,
With *open hand* and *brow* as *free*,
Lover of wine and *minstrelsy*,
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As virtuous in a lady's bower;
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

It affords the Editor the most signal satisfaction to have an opportunity of applying, with a few variations, the following spirited passage from the works of SIR WILLIAM JONES, when speaking of the early efforts of a literary society in *Asia*. What he said, with so much pertinence in the *East*, will, we ardently hope, be fully realized in the *West*.

When I consider, with pain, that, in this fluctuating, imperfect, and limited condition of life, such inquiries and improvements can only be made by the UNITED EFFORTS OF MANY, who are not easily brought, without some pressing inducement, or strong impulse, to CONVERGE IN A COMMON POINT, I console myself with the hope, founded on opinions, which it may have the appearance of flattery to mention, that if such a union can be effected, it must be in the capital of my country, among *gentlemen and scholars with whom I have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted.*

This hope has been already realized. The individuals alluded to, have with admirable alacrity and spirit, laid the foundations of a society for purposes the

most liberal. I may, perhaps, confidently foretell that an institution, so likely to afford entertainment and convey knowledge to mankind, will advance to maturity by *slow, yet certain degrees;* as the Royal Society, which, at first, was only a meeting of a *few literary friends at Oxford*, rose gradually to that SPLENDID ZENITH, at which a *Halley* was their Secretary and a *Newton* their President.

"A Medical Student," who proposes to discuss in an inaugural dissertion the properties of Opium, has done us the honour to task our memory for an appropriate motto from some classical writer, which should indicate the tranquilizing power of the blest *nepenthe* of the Turks. We at first thought of the *dulce lenimen laborum* of HORACE; but, on reflection, that very terse and beautiful phrase did not appear sufficiently comprehensive; the Faculty of remembrance then instantly flew to VIRGIL'S

Omnis curæ casusque levamen;

as we are persuaded that this is a just eulogium of the virtues of the poppy, we offer it to our docile correspondent, and let the critics amend if they can.

We are not ignorant of the remarkable *ingenuousness*, not only of countenance but of character, to which our correspondent alludes. Dryden has described such a youth incomparably well:

—— Nature too has nobly done her part,
Infus'd into his soul a noble grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face.

"Mira" is a perfect jilt, and the creature is aptly described, by one well acquainted with such an arrant coquet:

Her comet eyes she darts on every grace,
And takes a liking to each stripling's face.

The talents of Z. are too imperfect to accomplish the work he has designed. His poetry is something like prose, and his prose is engaged in a very criminal alliance with poetry. His composition is not only careless, but his manner is rude.

Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown.

To our great mortification and discontent, the *myriad* of bad poets is continually advancing, and they threaten to overrun all the territories of good sense. Against these vandals we are obliged to set in array

all the light troops of ridicule. A friend at our elbow reminds us of the self-sufficiency of these witlings in the following couplet:

> Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring,
> *You say they squeak;* but *they* will swear they sing.

After carefully sorting and inspecting our files of literary and scientific papers, we find a great proportion of them which is of a very meritorious character. The *instant* insertion of many essays, even of this description, we are often reluctantly compelled to postpone. We would, however, by way of balm and consolation to the impatience of the irritable poet, and the anxious author, suggest, that *mere postponement* is one thing, and absolute rejection another. In *the fulness of time*, certain of our correspondents will perceive that we have not wantonly, or injuriously neglected them. Men should reflect that we have many claims to adjust, many departments to fill, many tastes to please, and many criticisms to deprecate. We may not, blamelessly overload any one title in The Port Folio with superfluous matter, however wise, or elegant, however sublime, or beautiful. Besides, such is too frequently the indolence of men of letters in America, that they delay the transmission of a communication to the *last moment*, and then, most unreasonably, expect that, in perfect mockery of all the rules of business, and to the utter confusion of the printer, the darling essay should appear immediately!

Thus far, with all possible gentleness, have we made our valid apology to others. *Sed paulo majora canamus.* We must now speak in *somewhat of a higher mood* of our own rights and duty.

An Editor of a Journal, of a plan so liberal and comprehensive as The Port Folio, is placed in an exceedingly critical, delicate, and responsible situation. If, with the pliability of the yielding CASSIO, he has not the fortitude often to say *no*, if not sturdily, at least resolutely, he may possibly for a season, please very young boys, or very old women, but we would not give a pin's fee for the reputation of his labours in the opinion of any *man* of common sense, or critical discernment. An Editor of a periodical work, which aspires to any consideration in the republic of letters, is commonly elected to his place, by the good opinion of his fellow-citizens, who have some confidence in his experience, judgment, and general powers. Inducted into his office, he must be the *sole executive*, and though he must never be a *despot*, yet the general good requires him not only to act with energy, but with a lofty sense of the vastness of his trust. The casting vote is often his, and he must often determine, and pretty absolutely too, *in the last resort.* Without this sort of power, and this right of judgment, any man, however endowed, is but the outside, the outline, the shadow, the mockery

of an Editor. In short, though an individual, thus circumstanced, should never absurdly and arrogantly use the language of the classical boaster, *Stat, pro ratione voluntas*, yet the *Sic volo, sic jubeo* of Juvenal, must be his general motto.

Many beautiful pieces of poetry will presently sparkle like so many gems in the eyes of many a literary virtuoso. The exhibition of these rarities is merely delayed, not forgotten.

Our patrons must not reproach us too sharply for the paucity of original pieces in this miscellany, nor acrimoniously revile the *Club* for lack of Genius, or lack of Learning. It must be constantly remembered that in America, the legitimate family of literature is extremely small; and we may, with a few variations, apply to our own country, what SIR WILLIAM JONES once said of another:

A mere man of letters, retired from the world, and allotting his whole time to philosophical and literary pursuits, is a character almost wholly unknown in the United States of America, where every individual is a man of business, and constantly occupied either in the affairs of government, in the administration of justice, in some departments of revenue or commerce, or in one of the liberal professions; very few hours, therefore, in the day or night, can be reserved for any study, THAT HAS NO IMMEDIATE CONNEXION WITH BUSINESS AND GAIN, even by those, who are most habituated to mental application. All employments, however, in all countries, afford some intervals of leisure; and there is an *active spirit* in *some minds*, which no *climate or situation in life can wholly repress*, which justifies the ancient notion that *a change of toil is a species of repose*, and which seems to consider nothing done or learned, while any thing remains unperformed, or unknown.

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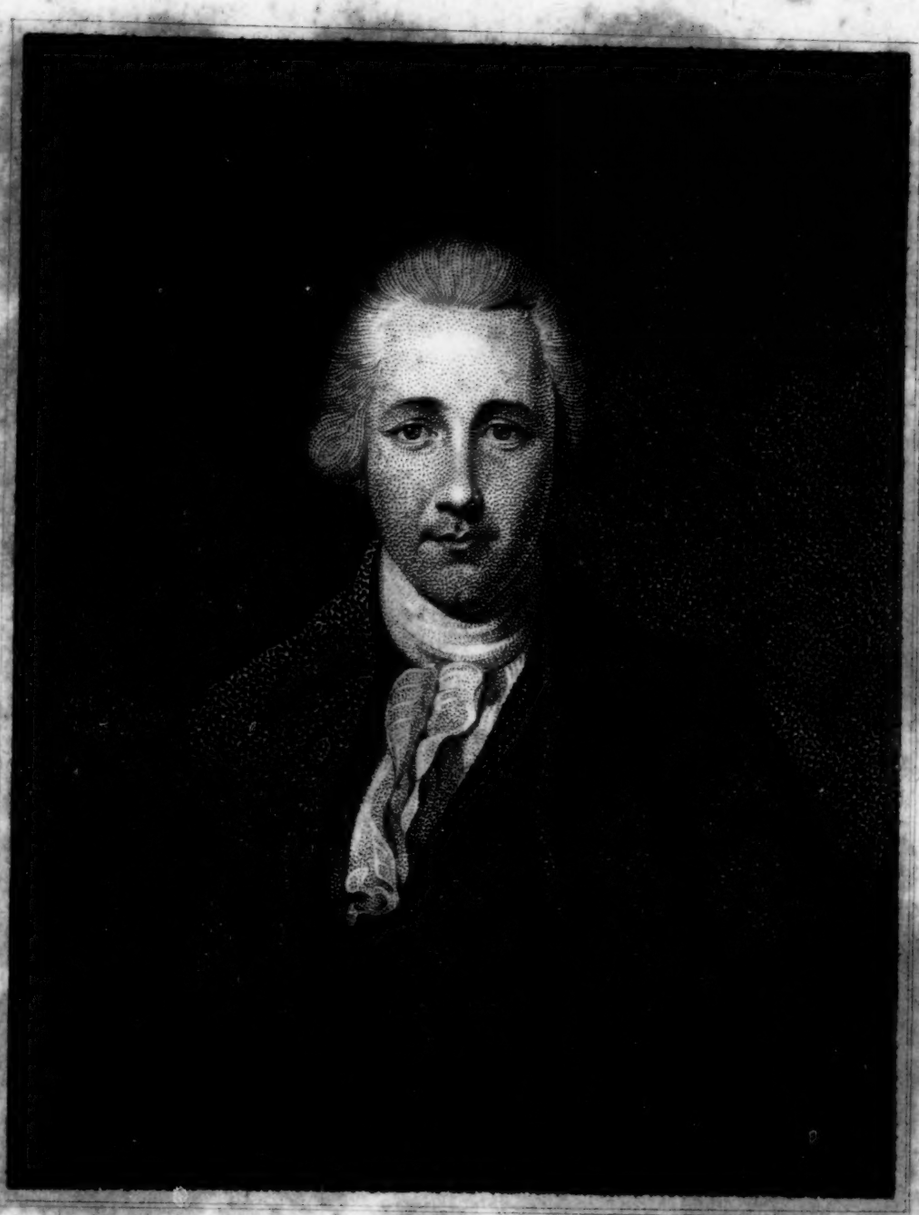

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